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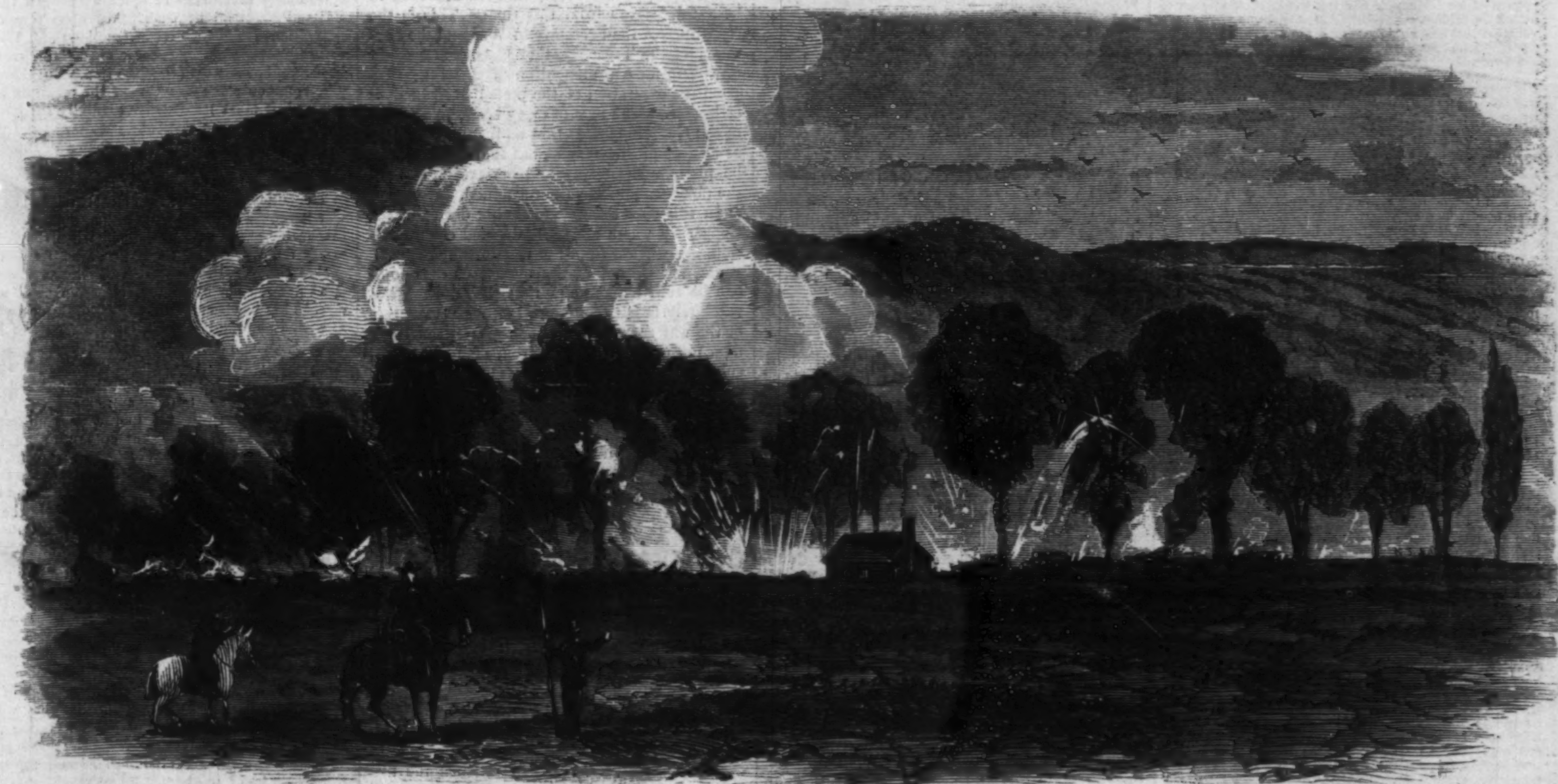
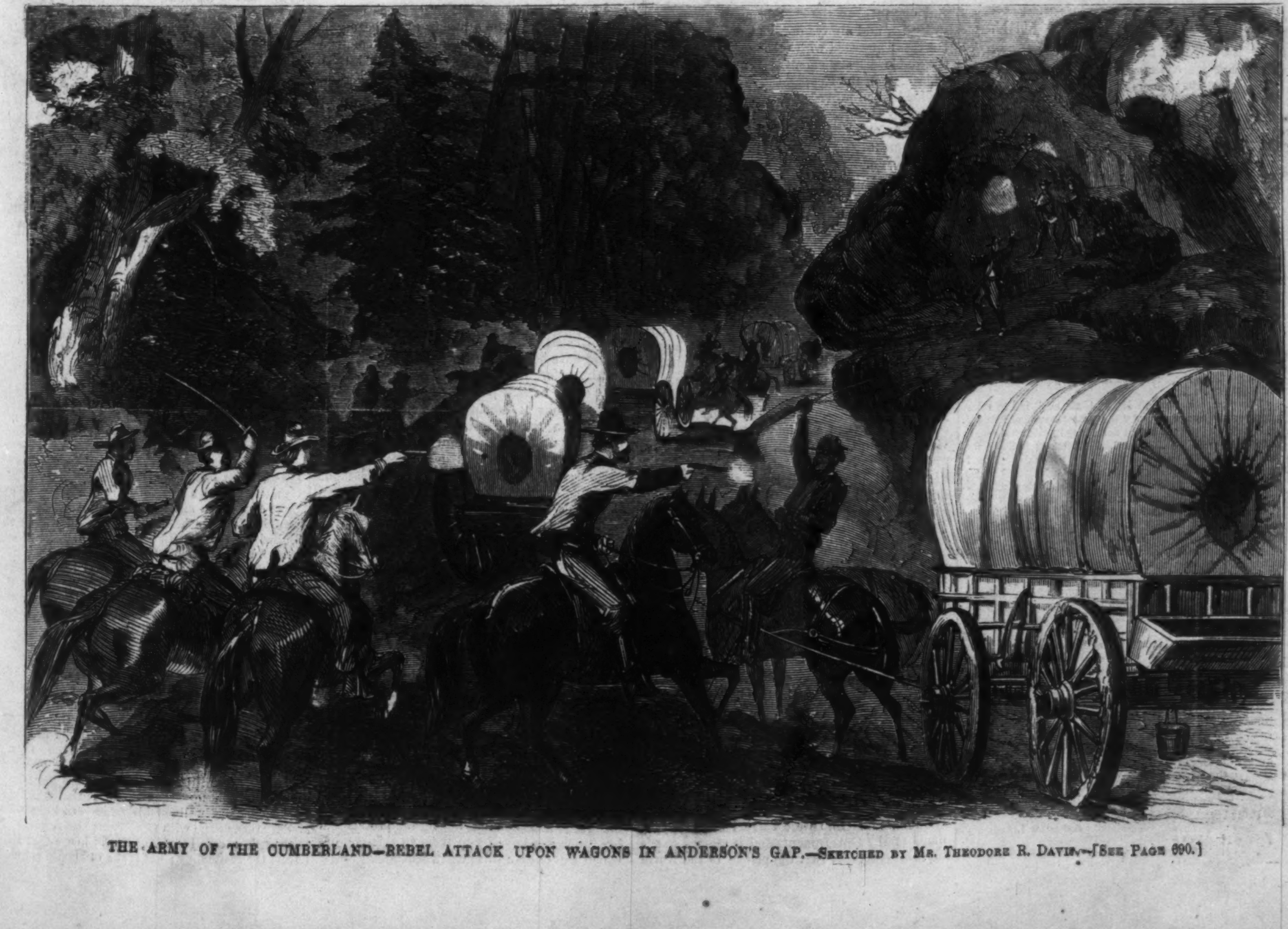


THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—DESTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES WAGONS BY REBEL CAVALRY, OCT. 2, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 690.]



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—REBEL ATTACK UPON WAGONS IN ANDERSON'S GAP.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 690.]

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

We devote pages 689, 692, 696, and 697 to illustrations of the Army of the Cumberland. On pages 696 and 697 will be found a fine battle scene, which will convey an idea of the gallant stand made by General Thomas's heroes against the rebel advance at the battle of Chicamauga, when they saved the day and covered themselves and their leader with glory.

On pages 689 and 692 we reproduce three illustrations of the cavalry operations which followed the battle, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, who writes:

Head-quarters Major-General Granger,
Chattanooga, *October* 7, 1863.

Arriving at Bridgeport during a pelting rain-storm, and at night, I domiciled until morning under a railroad platform that seemed to comprise the town.

The morning came, and out I crawled, finding, after much inquiry, that "the way to reach Chattanooga was to walk, of course;" and "the distance by the safe route was only sixty miles." "But," quoth my informant, "General Wheeler, with all the cavalry of Bragg's army, is on that route now." My bunk-mates of the previous night (there had only been a regiment under the platform) now extended sympathy and hard tack.

Very soon I learned that Colonel E. M. M'Cook, with a portion of his division of cavalry, would start at once to attack the raiders. Excellent! I at once volunteered my valuable services and those of a mule of which I unexpectedly found myself proprietor.

The combined forces started at once, the rain pouring in torrents. We reached Jasper at midnight, and bivouacked; which means, or did in our case, to pour the water out of one's boots and crawl under a rail shanty. Dawn found us on the march, and when within a few miles of Anderson's Gap we saw a dense smoke, caused by the burning of a large wagon train by the rebel cavalry.

At three o'clock we came up with the enemy, charging them at once; the First Wisconsin, under Colonel La Grange, dashing down the road, while the Second Indiana charged through the field to the right, Major Presdee at their head. The whole force being under Colonel M'Cook.

The rebels drew up in line, fired one volley, then turned and ran, dropping their plunder as they went. Reaching a very strong position they again drew up in line of battle, only to break in disorder as our men came upon them in a sabre charge.

At every commanding position they drew up in line only to stand for a moment—the sabre charge of our men being demoralizing in the extreme.

In one of these charges General Wheeler had a very narrow escape. Colonel La Grange had cut down one of Wheeler's staff, run his trusty blade through another, and dashed at Wheeler, whom he had nearly reached, when the rebel jumped his horse over a fence, which the horse of the gallant Colonel refused.

Just at this time Major Presdee had gotten so far in advance of his men that a number of the rebels had surrounded him, when a sergeant of his regiment rushed to his rescue, spoiling on his way the pates of several of the rebel cavalry. During the charges Captains Mitchell and Pratt, of Colonel M'Cook's staff, were among the foremost in the fray. When the fight ceased at night we discovered, by questioning prisoners, of whom we had quite a number, that we had fought and whipped twenty-five hundred picked men with two regiments, or less than half their number—we having prisoners from 11 different regiments.

The Fourth Indiana cavalry, under Major Lampson, had now come up: orders were issued for an advance at the earliest moment of daylight.

The next morning came, but with it a fog so dense that it was impossible to move, and eleven o'clock came before it was practicable to advance. Then after them we went, recapturing a large number of mules that they had stolen from our wagons, and again driving them.

Finding now that the continuance of my stay with the pursuing cavalry would carry me too far from Chattanooga, I returned to Anderson's Gap—finding at that place the brigades of Colonels Mitchell and Tilson. Near the Gap, and scattered for some distance along the road, were the smouldering wagons, the destruction of which had been complete. Over two hundred wagons had been destroyed and hundreds of mules shot. Some of the wagons had been fired without taking the mules from them.

THE NEW CALL FOR MEN.

By the President of the United States.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The term of service of part of the volunteer forces of the United States will expire during the coming year; and whereas, in addition to the men raised by the present draft, it is deemed expedient to call out three hundred thousand volunteers, to serve for three years or the war—not, however, exceeding three years.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the militia of the several States when called into actual service, do issue this my proclamation, calling upon the Governors of the different States to raise and have enlisted into the United States service, for the various companies and regiments in the field from their respective States, their quotas of three hundred thousand men.

I further proclaim that all the volunteers thus called out and duly enlisted shall receive advance pay, premium, and bounty, as heretofore communicated to the Governors of States by the War Department, through the Provost Marshal General's office, by special letters.

I further proclaim that all volunteers received under this call, as well as all others not heretofore credited, shall be duly credited and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft.

I further proclaim that if any State shall fail to raise the quota assigned to it by the War Department under this call, then a draft for the deficiency in said quota shall be made in said State, or on the districts of said State, for their due proportion of said quota, and the said draft shall commence on the 5th day of January, 1864.

And I further proclaim that nothing in this proclamation shall interfere with existing orders, or with those which may be issued for the present draft in the States where it is now in progress or where it has not yet been commenced.

The quotas of the States and districts will be assigned by the War Department, through the Provost Marshal General's office, due regard being had for the men heretofore furnished, whether by volunteering or drafting, and the recruiting will be conducted in accordance with such instructions as have been or may be issued by that department.

In issuing this proclamation I address myself not only to the Governors of the several States, but also to the good and loyal people thereof, invoking them to lend their cheerful, willing, and effective aid to the measures thus adopted, with a view to reinforce our victorious armies now in the field, and bring our needful military operations to a prosperous end, thus closing forever the fountains of sedition and civil war.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

Abraham Lincoln.

By the President:
William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 31, 1863.

THE REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.

General Rosecrans has been removed from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and General Thomas, the hero of Chicamauga, appointed in his place—General Grant taking the supreme command of all the armies on the Mississippi and in East and Southern Tennessee. The announcement has taken every one by surprise. But whereas, some months ago, the removal of a popular general from his command would have been a signal for a popular uproar, now even the Copperheads can barely get up a feeble hiss at the change; and the public at large, fully satisfied that the President knows what is required by the emergency, and is doing his duty faithfully, accept the event without murmur.

Whatever may have been the faults of General Rosecrans, it is encouraging to see that the President, when satisfied that he ought to be removed, had the courage to remove him, without hesitation or explanation to the public. We remember the time when the public safety absolutely required the removal of General Frémont, whose impolicy was jeoparding our cause in Missouri, and whose friends were threatening us with a military despotism if their favorite were disturbed. If ever a head wanted amputation, it was his. Yet Mr. Lincoln hesitated for weeks, and months, and only ventured at last to strike the blow after the public of the West had been educated to distrust Frémont by the publication of Adjutant-General Thomas's famous report in the *Tribune*. Again, there can be no doubt but M'Clellan's removal ought to have taken place much sooner than it did—as soon, in fact, as that General refused to obey orders from Washington, and to report to the Commander-in-Chief. The President temporized and hesitated until a month of invaluable time was lost—fearing the effect of the removal of a commander who had won great personal popularity. We are all of us learning, however, in these days; and Mr. Lincoln, perceiving that the Republicans did not throw down their arms when Frémont fell, nor the Democrats when M'Clellan retired to Jersey, now understand that the people, of whatever political party, are more devoted to the country than to any individual, and has not hesitated to remove Rosecrans. It was just this nerve and this courage which were required to insure the success of the North.

There is a lesson to be learned by the people from this event, and that is, to beware of accepting the newspaper and popular estimate of generals as the true one. Up to the hour of Rosecrans's removal he was believed to be nearly perfection. He was called prudent, daring, invincible, loyal to the back-bone, dextrous as a strategist, and always obedient to his superiors. He was contrasted with other generals, to their invariable disparagement. When he failed at Chicamauga, the Copperheads—whose implacable foe he had proved himself—threw the whole blame on Government, and entirely exonerated him. At one time loyal men clamored for his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and were only silenced when they were assured that the Army of the Cumberland had the more important duty of the two. Well, what if it should prove, when the truth comes to be known, that this paragon was prudent when he should have been daring, and rash when he should have been cautious; that the battle of Murfreesborough was lost by him, and afterward—when he had given it up—won by his subordinates; that he should have taken Chattanooga weeks before he approached it, and should never have advanced a step beyond; that, by his advance, he disarranged the general plan of campaign determined at Washington, which had been prepared with his aid and approval—and this seemingly from no other motive than a vain wish to win greater victories than Grant; that, so far from obeying orders promptly and cheerfully, he frequently disregarded the commands of the President; and that, so far from being the chivalric soldier we pictured him, he left the battle-field at Chicamauga in the middle of the fight, and was in bed at Chattanooga, snug and safe, when the gallant Thomas, with his handful of heroes, was stemming the furious onset of the rebel army. If all this should be presently discovered to be the truth, what shall we then say of popular estimates of generals?

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

Pennsylvania and Ohio have followed in the track of California and Maine, and Iowa and Indiana have not been behindhand. New York will fittingly close the campaign with a magnificent Union majority.

Last year honest citizens were deeply pained by a precisely opposite result. New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio were carried by the opponents of the Government, and it seemed to superficial observers that the people of the North were about to be substantially divided, which in effect would have secured the triumph of the rebels. The chief European organ of the insurgents—animated by a simple wish to see the United States destroyed—chuckled over the defeats of the Administration candidates, and confidently predicted the collapse of the "Lincoln Despotism."

We have changed all this now, and good citizens may congratulate themselves on the restoration of confidence. Throughout the North the fiat has now gone forth that the war must be prosecuted until the entire territory of the United States is permanently replaced under the dominion of the flag. We hear no more sixty-day or ninety-day prophecies in these times. No one is now willing to pledge himself to the capture of Charleston, or Atlanta, or Richmond within a given time. We have learned to respect our enemy, and to bide our time. It may take one year, or it may take four to complete the work of subjugating the rebels. The Administration is basing its calculations and its contracts upon the theory that it will take at least three years from this time. This is the reckoning of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, though both are wisely providing for a prolongation of the contest beyond the expiration of the period fixed in their estimates. The idea of every body, in and out of the Government, is that no further estimates as to time must be made, but that the war must be prosecuted steadily and perseveringly until the object sought has been attained.

In this view the overwhelming defeat of the Copperheads is a matter of decided congratulation. We learn from the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio that the masses of the people can be relied upon, and that they are not less resolutely fixed upon the vigorous prosecution of the war than their leaders. With such evidence of popular determination the ultimate result is not doubtful. It is, as we said, a mere question of time.

History, which has pilloried Benedict Arnold, will erect a still higher gallows for the mean sneaks who, in this darkest hour of their country's peril, wavered, and commended submission to the traitors of the South.

OUR TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS.

The Earl Russell, who made his reputation as a friend of liberty and democracy throughout the world, and who seriously damaged that reputation by espousing the cause of the slaveholding rebels against the United States, has lately seen fit to recant, and in a speech delivered in Scotland protests that he wishes to be considered as much a friend of the North as of the South, and reproaches Senator Sumner with trying to create ill-will between the two nations. The Earl contrasts Senator Sumner with Mr. Seward, and compliments the latter, as a friend of peace, at the expense of the former.

People in this country are very much touched by the Earl's graceful allusions to the beauty of peace, and to our common tongue, our common origin, and so forth. We remembered these things when England was at war with Russia, and our authorities combined in an instant to prevent even the semblance of an infraction of our neutrality laws. Earl Russell forgot them when he let the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Georgia* go to sea to prey upon our defenseless commerce. They only occurred to him after he had heard of the capture of the *Atlanta* (a vessel as formidable as the *Warrior*) in fifteen minutes by the *Weehawken*, and of the performance of Gilmore's Parrott guns at Charleston.

When a man has trampled on his enemy and done him all the harm he can do, and is beginning to apprehend that the foe who seems crushed may rise and retaliate, he is very apt to be a lover of peace, and a hater of war. The Earl Russell's recollection of our common origin would have been better timed if it had occurred to him before he let the *Alabama* go to sea, in spite of the earnest protests of our officials.

He thinks it horrid that Senator Sumner should, on the heels of the bloody fight at Gettysburg, express views which may lead to bloody battles with British troops. It had never occurred to him, probably, when he made his famous Newcastle speech which encouraged the rebels so much, that the natural consequence of that speech would be bloody battle-fields. We, like Earl Russell, dislike battles. But it is rather cool for the man who has done more than any other individual to foster the resistance of the rebels, to turn on us now, and exclaim against the blood spilled in the war. Why did he not think of this before he pronounced the slaveholding insurgents a belligerent power?

Blood-letting, in war, is a shocking thing, no doubt. No nation loves peace more than the United States. But we have been driven into a desperate war, mainly through the acts and expressed opinions of Earl Russell and his colleagues; and they may now rely upon it that Senator Sumner, much more than Secretary Seward, expresses the views of the people on our relations with England, when he tells the English that their conduct during the present war has aroused a hostility to them in this country which will outlive this generation.

THE LOUNGER.

INTERPRETING ELECTIONS.

It is amusing to see the different interpretations that are put upon the recent elections. One Copperhead paper finds that they mean merely that nobody wants peace at any price. Another, of a lighter hue, discovers that they are a terrible rebuke of Mr. Lincoln for listening to radical advisers. Another insists that they prove that loyal men are going to do exactly what the rebels want them to do. And so the doleful tale goes round, and the Copperheads console themselves with thinking what would happen if only the sky would fall, and twice two make seven and a half.

One thing is clear amidst all the speculation. It is pretty evident that Ohio does not wish Vallandigham for Governor, nor Pennsylvania Woodward. We can all agree that they prove so much. Then why did those States not wish such Governors? The canvass was exactly the same in both States. The arguments were identical. And what were they? Simply that Vallandigham and Woodward were not heartily for the war. There might be shadowy differences of opinion between them. Vallandigham might wish peace upon terms of separation, looking to reconstruction; and Woodward might pronounce for war upon terms certain to secure the success of the rebellion. But the popular common sense sees that if the rebellion is to subdued, it must be done by cordially supporting and supplying the men and means for the war. The people knew that neither W. nor V. intended so to support and supply—and they therefore repudiated them both.

The policy of the war is as clearly defined as the war itself. Fighting, confiscation, emancipation, suspension of the habeas corpus "when the public safety requires it," and drafting; are all measures of that policy. In one word, the policy of the war is its prosecution by all honorable means of warfare. That has been plainly announced for a year. It went into practical operation on the 1st of January, 1863, and every popular election since has overwhelmingly approved it. Every man whose vote swelled the Union majorities did not, of course, mean to say that he approved every detail and every person involved in the working out of the policy. But allowing for human nature, confiding in the good intention of the Government, and especially in the unquestioned honesty of the President, all loyal men know that to perplex and embarrass the operations of the war is to help the enemy. They have, therefore, in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, Iowa, and Maine, as well as in the smaller States of Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, declared for the war and the policy of the war. Does any body suppose that New York will falter?

REBEL FRANKNESS.

There is one great change in the policy of the rebels. They began by shouting that they would cut themselves off clean from any association with the vile Yankee North. Every Northern party and man excepting Vallandigham and Seymour were repugnant to them. They would establish their independence, and then, perhaps, hold their noses and trade with us.

Wisdom is the child of experience. They confess now that they need Northern co-operation. It is not enough that they have an army invincible and innumerable. They must have Northern support. The Chattanooga *Rebel*, published in Atlanta, says plainly that all the rebels have to do is to pulverize Rosecrans, winter in Kentucky and East Tennessee, "retake the Valley of the Mississippi, *secure the election of a Peace-Democrat to the Presidency in the fall*, and arrange the terms of treaty and independence." Here is a very pretty programme, but one of its cardinal points is the aid of the Northern Copperheads. Now the rebels may be supposed to know their friends as well as we do. When they say that they want rebel bullets *and* peace ballots, who does not see that to vote for the candidates they wish to see elected is as serviceable to them as to shoot in the ranks of Bragg's or Lee's army?

DOTAGE.

The London *Times*, speaking of Mr. Channing's expression of the want of English sympathy as the wonder of wonders, says: "To make a complaint that spectators of the horrible conflict have not approved the plunge into national ruin is unreasonable almost to childishness."

Here are words of the most solemn sound, and utterly meaningless. "The plunge into national ruin" is a phrase meant to describe the war. Very well. If the rebel States had been suffered to secede without opposition, and the Union and Government had been consequently destroyed, would there have been any less national ruin? Where would then have been the nation known as the United States? Or if, after an unquestioned and peaceful constitutional election in which they took part, the rebels had offered, or had been solicited to offer, terms upon which they would obey the laws, would the Government have been any the less overthrown, and could its usurpation, without so much as a shot fired, for the sole purpose of perpetuating human slavery, have been any less national ruin?

The *Times* says further: "Whatever may rise out of the wreck, it will not be the old Federal Union of America." Very likely; and what then? Whatever arose out of the great rebellion of 1645 in England was not the old monarchy of England. Was the civil war consequently a process of "national ruin?" The nationality and the union of these States will be preserved under a better and more stringent form than ever. Is that ruin? A man finds the walls of his house cracking. He strengthens them with new beams and rafters. It is not, in a certain sense, the old house that rises from the scaffolding; but is the old house ruined?

LOYAL SHOTS AND VOTES GO TOGETHER.

Governor Seymour, who declares that he had rather see the Union destroyed than Slavery, and who insists that we had no business to discuss subjects which were disagreeable to our Southern masters, who are now trying to whip us in to obedience, last winter vetoed the bill for allowing the soldiers to vote. Why? Because his instinct was just. Because he knew that the soldiers would inevitably vote for the Government to support which they were fighting. Their fire and their vote are equally true to their country and the Union. How correct he was the late military vote in Ohio shows. There are so few votes against the Union and the war for it that they are not worth counting. Seymour knows that his "friends" are not in the army fighting the rebels. They stay at home to burn orphan asylums and murder innocent and helpless men and children. Perhaps some one would like to insist that the rank and file of the army are Copperheads. It is as true as the other story that the Army of the Potomac will fight under nobody but M'Clellan.

HOW'S THE WIND?

In the great debate in the British Parliament last April upon the duty of England under her neutrality law, Lord Palmerston in his most jaunty tone declared, amidst the applause of the House, that no menace would induce the Government "to come down to this House and propose a change of the law." In his late speech at Blairgowrie, Lord Russell said that the Government were prepared to do every thing that the duty of neutrality required, even if it should be necessary "that the sanction of Parliament should be asked to further measures."

Lord Palmerston spoke when the rebellion seemed to be sure of success; Lord Russell, when it is pretty surely defeated. The two speeches are a fair representation of what the Government of Great Britain understands by neutrality. Its obligation to ask a change of the law last April was exactly what it is now. That one party in the war is more or less successful can not alter the attitude of a neutral power. War with England will doubtless be avoided by her action. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the occasion of her action. It is not a change of heart—Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg, Charleston, these have been the "eye-openers" of Great Britain.

DUMBNESS IN LIBRARIES.

"A Constant Reader" writes that, having occasion recently to apply for a book at the Mercantile Library (in what city is not stated), he was requested, almost inaudibly, to write his name, address, etc., upon a slip of paper, and, upon inquiry, was "curtly answered" that communication between the librarian and the reader was to be held by signs that there might be no noise of conversation. "Why, then, dear Lounger," asks the writer, "did the Lord give us voice and language, if it was intended we should transact all the business of this world by signs?" And he further remarks: "If this system is to be permanent, I would simply suggest that the library hire persons who are really deaf and dumb for librarians; in which case we should all be content, and it would be giving employment to a class who do not often have the chance of making a living, and who could hand us the slips of paper and get us our books as well as those now in charge."

"A Constant Reader" is perhaps not aware that the slip of paper is a receipt for the book, is of great convenience for reference in case of loss, and saves murmuring in the library, where many students may be reading. And although, as he suggests, it is fair to presume that persons who have taste and culture enough to wish to visit a library will have sufficiently good manners not to disturb others, yet experience unfortunately shows that libraries are a favorite resort of young and heedless persons who do not know the value of silence. Meanwhile, because that is true of libraries, we do not understand that it is proposed to transact all the business of the world by signs or by slips of paper. It does not exactly follow because the tide is high at four o'clock that there will be a deluge at six. Does it?

A COMBINED MOVEMENT.

On the 7th of September the Richmond *Inquirer* said: "The success of the Democratic [Copperhead] party would be no longer doubtful should General Lee once more advance upon Meade. Let him drive Meade into Washington, and he will again raise the spirits of the Democrats [Copperheads], confirm their timid, and give confidence to their wavering." In conformity with this plan General Lee did move upon Meade, but did *not* happen to "drive" him. At the same moment, and for the same purpose of raising the spirits of the Copperheads, General M'Clellan moved against the Government in concert with Lee. But the combined movement of Generals Lee and M'Clellan neither defeated the Government in the field nor at the polls. Neither chief can be classed among the successful Generals.

THE LYCEUM.

The Lyceum all over the country begins to arrange its winter course of lectures. The demand for good lecturers was never greater, and some of the most eminent and popular, such as Mr. Beecher, Mr. Chapin, Mr. Bayard Taylor, return from their European absence refreshed and inspired. Inevitably and happily, the profound interest of the time will hardly suffer any speaker to wander far from some aspect of the condition of the country. Parties have disappeared. Politics are not now a question of partisan ascendency, but of national salvation. And as there never was a time when the fullest public intelligence was more desirable, so there was never a better opportunity for the vigorous and frank discussion of the great fundamental social questions, to which our attention must be for a long time turned, than the Lyceum.

There will be a desire of variety, certainly, in the general range of topics, although there is no fear that the same subject will be treated in the same way by any of the chief lecturers. It is the treatment, no less than the topic, which is of the utmost importance. But for Lyceums which wish to leave the current of public interests altogether, Mr. Tasistro's and Mr. Vandenhoff's readings, Professor Youman's and Richard's scientific lectures, and the illustrated lectures of Mr. Oscanyan upon Turkish life, will be most attractive. The series of card-photographs illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's lectures are extremely interesting. They are valuable studies of Oriental costume, and Mr. Oscanyan is so fluent in the English language, with which he is entirely familiar, that his lectures, with their tableaux, will be a most agreeable variety.

LITERARY.

"Martin Pole" is the last issue in the Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is by John Saunders, the author of "Abel Drake's Wife," a writer who is fast acquiring great reputation for his vigorous and powerful stories of modern domestic life.

The Harpers also issue "The Ring of Amasis," a tale "edited" by Owen Meredith, which is the pseudonym of Robert Bulwer Lytton, son of the novelist, and a poet of some repute. This story is grotesque and fanciful; a love story which will not fail to interest those who like the peculiarly intense poetry of the author.

"Does the Bible sanction American Slavery?" is the title of the latest essay of Goldwin Smith, Professor of History at Oxford, England, republished by Severs and Francis of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is a brief, clear, and masterly exposition of the whole subject. And if the men at the South, who muddle their brains about the "Christianity" of slavery, could read and understand this short and trenchant work of a most accomplished scholar and noble Englishman, they would not fire another shot for the "divine" institution. This pamphlet of Professor Smith's we especially commend to our readers, because Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, in a letter to Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, announces that he shall, within a few months, publish "a full demonstration of the truth wherein I stand"—namely, that it is a highly Christian business to breed babies for sale. A pleasing truth for a Bishop to stand upon! Let the Bishop comprehend the full scope of his work. He proposes to show that the Christian Church has always justified slavery, and his conclusion will be that Slavery is therefore a Christian institution. Does he know the little work called "Slavery in Christendom," by Patrice Larroque, formerly rector of the Academy of Lyons in France? Larroque, with perhaps as profound and extensive a scholarship as the Bishop of Vermont, also declares that the Christian Church has always approved slavery. But his conclusion is very different from the Bishop's. It is that it is not a true Church! He declares that slavery and "dogmatic Christianity" rise and fall together. And while he says plainly that Christ habitually taught a humanity which is the utter condemnation of slavery, he asserts that those principles have never been practiced by the Church! It will be seen that the Bishop thus enters upon a tolerably wide field. But to every simple Christian heart, which is more anxious to hear what Christ said than what men say that he said, Goldwin Smith's little pamphlet is conclusive.

"The Union Generals," a work which G. W. Childs is preparing, will be the natural companion of every history of the war. It will be written by distinguished literary gentlemen, most of whom have made the rebellion a subject of special study. With its descriptive battle-pictures in the text, and its steel-plate portraits of the heroes, with maps, plans, and wood-cuts, it must be a very important addition to the history of the times. The publisher, Mr. Childs, would be very glad to receive any facts or verified incidents relative to the Generals or to the battles and sieges in which they may have been engaged.

"The Student's Repository" is the title of a modest periodical published at Spartanburg, Indiana, which is written and conducted by the students and friends of the Union Literary Institute, a society of colored persons. It is to be issued quarterly at fifty cents a year; and is worthy the interest of all Americans who wish that all men in this country should have fair play. Many of the articles in the first number are naturally crude and experimental, but the tone of the work is earnest and manly. A brief paper by the editor, "What shall be done with the Negro?" written in 1860, is a very simple and conclusive statement of the wisdom of doing the best rather than the worst with him. In the opening article a few remarks show a quiet good sense, which is worthy the careful consideration of every colored man. "If we as a race ever become educated, elevated, and respected, we have got to do the work ourselves. No one else can do it for us. We must prove to the white man that we are as susceptible of improvement as he is."

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd D. Waddell, of the Eleventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers, who served with distinction at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and was for a long time Chief of Staff for Major-General M'Pherson, has been officially announced as Provost Marshal of the Post of Vicksburg.

Brigadier-General Rufus King has been reappointed Minister Resident at Rome, and accepts the appointment, his acceptance to take effect immediately. The mission becomes vacant by the return and resignation of the Hon. M. Blatchford, of New York, the recent incumbent. General King turned the command of his division in the Army of the Potomac over to General Michael Corcoran.

Major J. W. Abert, of the Engineer corps, has been announced upon the staff of Major-General Gilmore. He will have the department of records and topographical surveys under his control. Major Abert is an old army officer, and served for a long time upon the staff of Major-General Banks.

The well-earned star has been conferred upon Colonel J. W. Turner. That officer is now a Brigadier-General, continuing, however, to serve as Chief of the Staff and Chief of Artillery.

Colonel Dickinson, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General on General Hooker's staff, has been assigned to the command of the convalescent camp, *vice* Colonel Greene, relieved.

Lieutenant Disosway, Provost Marshal of Williamsburg, Virginia, was shot on 14th October by Private Boyle, of the First New York Mounted Rifles; and a day or two before Private Blake stabbed Private Redson, both of the same organization.

Colonel Fairchild, of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, arrived in Washington last week, having recovered from the effects of his wound, received at Gettysburg, by which he lost an arm. He is now about to resign his commission and assume the duties of Secretary of State of Wisconsin, for which he is a candidate as a War Democrat.

Colonel Conrad Baker, First Indiana Cavalry, and Colonel E. A. Parrott, First Ohio Volunteers, have been detailed to superintend the volunteer recruiting service in their respective States. Hitherto none but officers of the regular army have been assigned to this duty.

Colonel Lucius Fairchild, of the Second Wisconsin regiment, has been made a Brigadier-General, for gallantry in the battle of Gettysburg.

The friends of Surgeon-General Hammond say that there is no doubt that he will, on his return from his tour of inspection to New Orleans, and perhaps other points in the West, resume his place at the head of the bureau.

Captains Cutting and Benkard, of General Augur's staff, have arrived in Washington and resumed their duties. The remainder of the General's staff are at New Orleans. General Heintzelman's staff, however, will remain on duty for the present.

Major-General Doubleday, who was recently ordered to the Department of the Gulf, remains in Washington awaiting further instructions. It is rumored that he is to be assigned to a different field.

A court-martial, composed of thirteen officers, under medical treatment, but who are capable of performing this comparatively light duty, has been appointed for the trial of military officers. Colonel Stone, of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, is President of the court. A similar court, of which Colonel Warner, of the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves, is President, has been appointed from the Invalid Corps.

The proceedings of the court-martial in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Ruff, Third United States Cavalry, have been sent in, and are awaiting the action of the War Department. In the mean time Colonel Ruff has obtained permission to return to Philadelphia to perfect his accounts as mustering and disbursing officer.

General Spinola, though still suffering from his wound, reported for duty on 14th, desiring to rejoin the Third corps; but the military authorities declined to send him to the front, believing that he is not yet physically capable of active service. He will, however, be ordered to New York, with authority to recruit an infantry corps.

Last week Major-General Augur assumed command of the Department of Washington. It is reported that this change is only a temporary one, caused by the illness of General Heintzelman, and that the latter will resume command as soon as his health will permit. His staff remain in the performance of their duties at head-quarters.

Lieutenants O'Donavan and Laun, of Colonel Baker's Cavalry regiment, have been dismissed the service for drunkenness on duty.

Five officers were arrested at Washington on 17th for remaining in the city without authority, after their regiment had left for the front, and ordered to report under arrest to the Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac. To show the expedition with which such matters are attended to, these officers were arrested in less than an hour after the telegram informing against them was received.

Lieutenant-Commander Beardslee has been detached from special duty in New York, and ordered to the *Wachusett*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There has been since our last number went to press a great deal of manœuvring, marching and countermarching, by the hostile armies of the Potomac, and one small battle. It seems that Lee crossed the Rapidan, and endeavored to get between our army and Washington, but was foiled by Meade's strategy. Meade fell back to and across the Rappahannock, and was followed by Lee. On 14th a brisk action took place at Bristoe Station, in which the enemy were roughly handled—as described in the official report below. Meade finally halted at or near Centreville. On 16th a courier is said to have reached Lee informing him that Burnside, at the head of a powerful column of cavalry, was moving in the direction of Lynchburg, Lee's base of supplies. He was reported to be near Abingdon, Virginia, one hundred and seventy-five miles from Lynchburg, and to have destroyed the railroad for a distance of over forty miles. The news reached General Lee by courier on the 16th, and on the following day his retrograde movement toward Lynchburg commenced. The troops in advance, under General Hill, were carried by an immense train of cars from Culpepper southward, the rest of the main army following by way of Warrenton and Greenwich. Meade is now in pursuit.

THE BATTLE OF BRISTOE STATION.

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac, *Oct.* 15, 1863.

The Major-General commanding announces to the army that the rear-guard, consisting of the Second corps, was attacked yesterday, while marching by the flank. The enemy after a spirited contest was repulsed, losing a battery of five guns, two colors, and 450 prisoners. The skill and promptitude of Major-General Warren, and the gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the Second corps, are entitled to high commendation. By command of Major-General Meade.

S. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General.

BURNSIDE'S ADVANCE.

General Burnside is reported by the rebels to be advancing into Western Virginia with fourteen thousand cavalry, for the purpose of making a raid on the East Tennessee Railroad, and doubtless also intending the destruction of the great salt-works near Abingdon. They acknowledge that he had engaged and driven their forces, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded, from Bible Ridge to Greencastle, and thence was advancing on Abingdon. He is also said to have organized three regiments of Tennessee "renegades," and that 4000 refugees were following his army.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The following has been received at the head-quarters of the army:

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Chattanooga, *Oct.* 18, 1863.

The following dispatch has just been received from Brigadier-General George Crook, commanding the Second Cavalry division, dated Rogerville, Alabama, October 10, 1863.

"I have the honor to inform you that I have had three fights with the enemy since I left the Sequatchie Valley, whipping him very badly each time. The last battle ended at Farmington, Tennessee, where I fought Wheeler's entire command with only two brigades. I cut his force in two, scattering a large part of it, capturing four pieces of artillery, 1000 stand of cavalry arms, and 240 prisoners, besides the wounded. As I pushed on after the enemy immediately, I have not been able to ascertain the number of their killed and wounded, but it was very heavy. They were scattered over a distance of fifteen miles from this, and their retreat was a perfect rout, their men deserting and straggling over the country. I pursued them with great vigor, but their horses being better than mine, I was only able to come up with a couple of regiments at Sugar Creek, left to detain me. I made a charge on them, capturing some fifty of them, and scattering the remainder in the mountains. When within eight miles of the river I struck the gallop, but when I reached the river I found they had all crossed at a ford some three miles above Samp's Ferry, where they commenced to cross twelve abreast. I never saw troops more demoralized than they were. I am satisfied that their loss in this raid was not less than 2000. No fears need be entertained of their making another raid soon. Signed George Crook, Brigadier-General commanding."

W. S. Rosecrans, Major-General.

REMOVAL OF ROSECRANS.

General Rosecrans has been relieved from the command of the Army of the Cumberland; and Major-General Ulysses S. Grant takes command of that Department and of the Army of the Tennessee (Grant's old army), the Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans's late army), and the Army of Kentucky (Burnside's). General Thomas, who fought so splendidly at Chicamauga, takes the immediate command vacated by General Rosecrans.

THE LOSSES AT CHICAMAUGA.

Complete official returns from the infantry engaged in the battles of Chicamauga have been received, showing a total loss of 955 officers and 14,891 men. The losses of the cavalry will swell the grand total to about 16,000. Of 4,685 missing, 2,500 were wounded. Thirty-six pieces of artillery were lost and a few wagons.

SHELBY ROUTED.

St. Louis, *October* 14, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

General Brown brought the rebels under Shelby to a decisive engagement yesterday. The fight was obstinate, and lasted five hours. The rebels were finally completely routed and scattered in all directions, with the loss of all their artillery and baggage and a large number of small-arms and prisoners.

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is very large. Our troops are still pursuing the flying rebels.

J. M. Schofield, Major-General.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, who was wounded and taken prisoner by the enemy in the cavalry fight on the Rappahannock last June, arrived at Washington on 19th from Richmond. His statements concerning the condition of the Union prisoners are of the most remarkable character, and should induce the Government to initiate at once prompt measures for their relief. There are now confined at Richmond at least nine hundred officers and over ten thousand enlisted men. Many of the latter are utterly destitute of shirts, pantaloons, and coats, and sickness prevails to a fearful extent. Numbers die daily, and the mortality is still increasing, insufficiency of food and lack of clothing having prostrated hundreds of the most hardy men. The enlisted men are actually starved, and an officer who gave some portion of his food to some privates in the room below, by passing it through the floor, has been confined in a dungeon. Great indignation has since been excited among our troops by the apparent neglect, on the part of the Government, of our prisoners in the South. We have a large balance in our favor, and, if an exchange can not be effected, our officers and men claim that rebel prisoners should be subjected to the same privations until the rebel authorities cease to treat our men as brutes.

BRITISH CONSULS EXPELLED FROM THE SOUTH.

Jeff Davis has taken umbrage at the action of the British Consuls in reference to foreigners enlisted in the army of the rebel service, and has dismissed them all from the Confederacy. The Southern papers rejoice greatly at this event. Some of them attribute the dismissal of her Britannic Majesty's representatives to a broader reason—namely, the treatment which Mr. Mason received at the Court of St. James, which required his withdrawal from the diplomatic mission by order of Mr. Davis. Intense disgust of the late action of the British Government toward the Confederacy—as exemplified in Lord Russell's speech—is manifested in the tone of all the Southern journals, and a firmer confidence in the friendly interference of France is exhibited.

LOYAL PAPERS IN DIXIE.

Loyal papers are now published in Vicksburg, Mississippi; Knoxville, Tennessee; Natchez, Mississippi, and Little Rock, Arkansas.

VOTE OF THE OHIO TROOPS.

Under date of Chattanooga, October 14, General J. A. Garfield sends the following to the Ohio *State Journal*: "Returns thus far of the Ohio volunteer infantry in this army give 9424 for Brough and 252 for Vallandigham. Seven regiments of infantry and eight batteries not yet heard from. Over four regiments of cavalry did not vote; they were absent, writing history with their sabres on the heads of Vallandigham's friends. Ohio lost 5000 Union votes at Chicamauga. We that are left greet John Brough again. Give us the news from home."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SOUTHERN CLUBS.

The "Southern Club" of England and the "Central Association for the Recognition of the Southern States" have been formally amalgamated at Manchester into one society under the title of "The Southern Independence Association." Lord Wharncliffe, the President, delivered a strong speech in favor of the recognition of the rebel States by England.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

England has again been visited by an earthquake. It took place on Tuesday, October 6, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning, and was felt very generally. From Liverpool, Hereford, and numerous other places, we have accounts of its having shaken the houses. There seems to have been an upheaving of the earth from west to east, followed by an immediate subsidence, after which a loud, rumbling noise was heard.

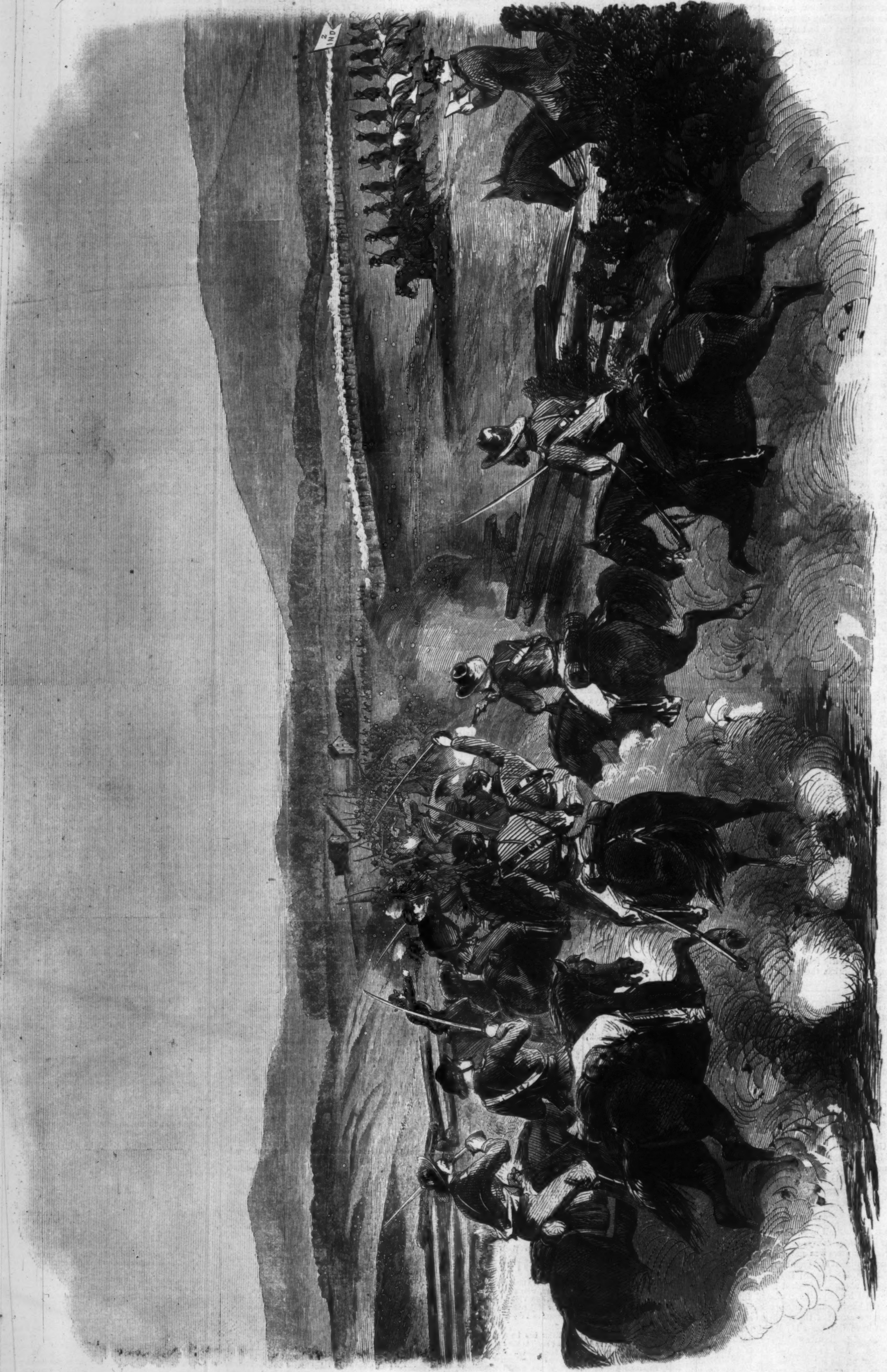
THE GREEK KING IN ENGLAND.

The King of the Greeks has arrived in England from St. Petersburg. Having visited Queen Victoria he was to go to Paris, and proceed from the Tuileries to Athens.

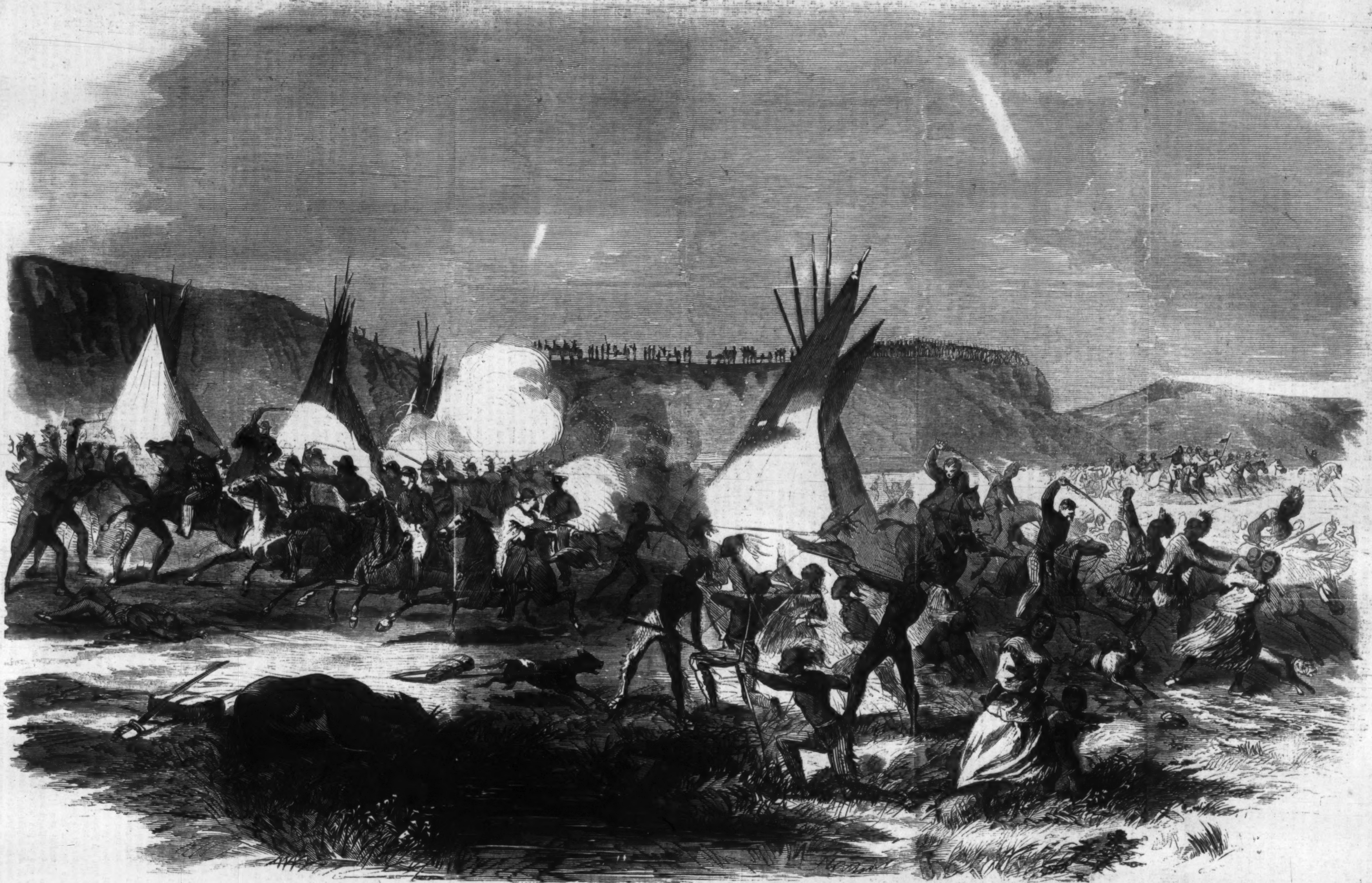
AUSTRIA.

THE MEXICAN DEPUTATION.

The Mexican deputation reached Miramar, the seat of the Archduke Maximilian, in great state from Vienna. Señor de Estrada made the tender of the crown to the Emperor elect in a lengthy address. He also presented the roll of the votes of the Chamber of Notables of Mexico, splendidly engrossed and inclosed in the head of a sceptre of solid gold, manufactured by Mexican artists. The Archduke replied in a speech in which he formally set forth the conditions on which he will accept the crown, declaring that a monarchy could not be satisfactorily re-established in Mexico without the spontaneous consent of the whole nation. Having regard also to certain "dangers" which threaten the integrity and independence of the country, it was essential to obtain "guarantees," and if both these conditions are fulfilled the Archduke intimates that he will accept the proffered crown, subject to the approval of his brother, the Emperor of Austria. In the event of becoming monarch, the Archduke would "open the path of progress" by giving "a constitution" to the country of his adoption. He paid a compliment to the Emperor Napoleon.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—CHARGE OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN AND SECOND INDIANA CAVALRY ON THE REBELS, OCTOBER 2, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 690.]



THE SIOUX WAR—CAVALRY CHARGE OF SULLY'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF WHITE STONE HILL, SEPTEMBER 3, 1863.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER ENGAGED.—[SEE PAGE 695.]

WHIFF.

Go back with me to an old New England village, as sleepy almost as a Dutch berg. I was about to describe it, but on the whole think I will not; perhaps you know the town, perhaps you were born there, or have uncles and cousins there. If you don't know any thing of the place, I doubt if I could wrest it away from time and distance, who now have it fast; yet some other day perhaps I will show it to you. I believe it is somewhere along the Sound, for it has a wharf, though not much use for that; the India trade never came that way, and the whalers have gradually gone to other ports, so that the piles are green with slime and not over-strong, and the warehouses near by are getting forlorn; but sometimes a vessel comes in, and then all the idlers about the village have an excitement.

The time was a Sunday, after the second service. In Deacon Hodges's keeping-room sat Miss Mahala Stevens, tailoress. She was given to the weakness of talking about every body, for if people stuck themselves up they must expect to be seen. She had dropped in now, full of something to tell; but of course she hung back—no use at all to hurry her. She sat, trotting one foot and sewing an imaginary jacket, prickly and unyielding as any bur. No favors asked, large or small; you can't get on a day without me and I know it, was what she said to the world of the village—all the world the village knew or cared any thing about.

"You see, Miss Hodges, I clipped it right up here fast as my legs could carry me, fear somebody else'd tell it first; an' now what with the heat an' the sarmon an' my general flustrin', I do believe I've forgot what 'twas."

"Yes?" suggested the Deacon's wife, the New England "yes," meaning any thing and every thing. Here it was a gentle stroke of Mahaly's plumage to go on.

"I guess it wasn't of *very* much consequence," smoothly remarked Dorr, the Deacon's pretty daughter. "If it wasn't a lie, you know, you wouldn't have forgot it."

Great spinsterly indignation. "That's you, Dorr Hodges, all over. That's right, keep on knettin', it'll come right handy bineby when you hev to keer for yourself, and when you're gray's them socks in your lap you'll wish you hedn't. Them that snuffs when they're young allers snuffs when they're old, *I* tell 'em."

"Never mind, Mahaly; Dorr was only in play."

"Well, well, it's no odds, but what's bred in the bone will come out on the skin, an' there ain't no young folks nowadays; they git ahead of their elders. I was just goin' to say something 'bout Frank Handy, he that used to sheep round Dorr—what on earth was it now?"

Toss of the head on the part of the young lady.

"Wish somebody'd show *me* how to toss my head. Comes nat'ral, does it, or do ye hev to practice?"

"Guess *you* never had any practice," said Sam, the "terrible" child that fulfilled for that house the saying about deacons' families.

"Sam!" said Mrs. Hodges, with some peculiar tone that meant a great deal.

"Well, Dorr, toss your head, but mind not toss once too many times. I heerd of a girl that tossed a pail o' milk off her head once, an' 'tain't all straight sticks grows in the woods by a long sight, though that ain't what I was goin' to say about Frank Handy—"

"You needn't trouble yourself to say any thing at all about Frank Handy to me," retorted Dorr; "I don't want to see him or hear any thing about him."

"H'm," sniffed the sagacious Mahaly. "Well, I s'pose you won't care to hear that the *Esmereldy's* got back—I believe now that's just what I run in to say; I thought 'twas gone from me sure; Mr. Handy's aboard; but then, of course, he won't show himself here."

"You don't!" tersely remarked Mrs. Hodges.

"I do, though; the folks was a crowdin' down to the wharf when I first see 'em an' run. You needn't jump, Sam; it's all over by this time. It's most too bad for Frank, now—Mr. Handy, I mean—the folks doesn't want to see him, a'ter a two-years' v'yage. Well, good-day, sorry you're so spiteful, Dorr; wait till you're gray an' knet socks for a livin', then folks 'll bar it of ye when ye snap. What makes your cheeks so red, child? Got burnt in the sun? Should say so, if you weren't dark complect nat'rally."

Now, generally speaking, there is nothing very soothing to the nerves or musical to the ear in the shutting of a door, especially if it happens to be shut rather spitefully; but I am mistaken if the slam of the door after Mahaly was not the pleasantest sound Dorr had heard that day. "Well, I don't care, now," said she, with an emphasis on the last word.

"I wouldn't mind it, dear," said Mrs. Hodges.

"Do *you* think so?" asked Dorr, with eyes and lips both. (I don't know what she meant.)

"No, I guess not; cloth that's well combed always has the smoothest nap in the end. Never mind Mahaly, Dorr; you vexed her or she wouldn't talked quite so bad. Nobody sets much by what she says, because she's always doing just so."

"I'm going up stairs, mother," said Dorr. Mrs. Hodges took up a volume of "Discourses," as if she had not had enough that day, and it is to be supposed she read them, though who shall answer for the edification?

Dorr retreated to her own room and flung herself into her chair that her own fingers had cushioned, but somehow the room didn't look pleasant. Every thing was in place just as she left to go to meeting—the "things" were not tossed about in disorderly evidence that there had been a toilet made there—yet it didn't seem quite right. Why the string of shells that hung over her little mirror had a different look, and swung back and forth in the wind as if they were alive. They were beckoning her attention. She caught hold of them and held them still, but they went to swinging again as she let them go, as if they knew somebody had got back, and suddenly remembered the swaying bosom of the sea; she set the chairs in order, pulled the curtains a little, shut the blinds a little more, but it wouldn't do. It seemed as if she had gone into somebody else's room; so she glided down stairs to the keeping-room and got a spy-glass that was kept there—a rare treasure in those days—and ran back with it to the garret.

The garret window was an old look-out of hers, where she used to knit in the afternoons, and where she did all her day-dreaming. A hill shut off the wharf from sight, but there was the top of a mast on it, looking as if it had sprouted out of the hill; and by leaning well out of the window Dorr could see just the stern of a little black hull. That was the *Esmeralda*, then; the sails were furled, and of course they had all gone ashore before this time. How queer that that old ship had really been off so far, way out in the South Pacific, out on the edge of her map, where the islands were sprinkled about so thick that it must be hard to sail without running against some of them; it must spell spicy as well as greasy, and Dorr wondered. Did it go to Italy? Her name was Italian, Eudora, grandmother's fancy—no, that couldn't be. But the *Esmeralda* had been gone two years, while she had been staying quietly at home helping mother do the work and keeping sunshine in the house all the time, father said, and Frank had been shut up in that black box, sailing along day after day in the hot sun, never getting any word from home all the time. How glad he must be to get back; no wonder he hurried ashore as quick as he could. Then to think she said she didn't want to see him! Well, she didn't care very much, but it was too bad to tell him so after being gone so long. Would Mahaly tell him of it? Ten to one she would; she was just like a keyhole, every thing went through her. She said Frank wouldn't come here. H'mph! He would.

And he did. Yes, he did. He came the very next afternoon, swinging himself up the hill with long strides, as if a kind of half-reluctance held him back. The clover-heads nodded a welcome to him, and the butter-cups turned a richer yellow; at least he would have thought so had not his handsome face been shaded with a wonder how he would be received. Clover and daisy would come again next summer, but if the flower he had loved to think of did not bloom for him, what was all other fragrance? He could not quite say—is it ever an easy thing?—

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

What might not have happened in two years? They had seemed so long while they were going, and now they were gone they seemed only a little while; why he only went away yesterday, every thing looked so natural. He remembered his long acquaintance with Dorr, and how they had quarreled time and again until he generally took the blame and went down into the valley of humiliation, and then they were better friends than ever. She had risen from the horizon of his life till now she filled him with light like the sun, but possibly he had sunk out of sight with her. He had thought of her all the while and of this very day, and now the time he had waited for was come—the time was there, right present before him, and it made him tremulous and half shrinking to face it. How would she meet him? Two years, without either of them knowing meanwhile that the other was alive! She must have changed a good deal in that time; what kind of a change? It might be only in herself, or it might be toward him, though there never was any thing between them. Two years ago she was young, only sixteen, and if— Here he brought this current of his thoughts to an abrupt stop. But it seemed to him that the warm sunlight of the afternoon, the locusts with their simmering notes in the air, the clouds that begun to sink upon the west and lose their golden glow in the sea, and every thing he saw, were trembling with a kind of expectation, and all eagerly watching him. Heart in his mouth? More than that—all over him—from crown to sole, through every nerve and fibre his heart throbbed and tingled as he moved.

But while he was thinking he was also walking, and his bold feet carried his doubting heart up to the gate, which seemed to his fancy to open a great deal harder than it used to; perhaps it did, but then he hadn't opened any gates for two years. He followed the path round to the door, and stopped to consider whether to knock. If he should go right in it might seem too bold; and if he knocked it might seem too formal—one forgets customs on shipboard: but he chose the former, and so walked in. It is such an excellent way to get at people's real feelings to catch them off their guard!

Mrs. Hodges and Dorr were in the kitchen when he entered it. He did catch them, for Dorr was ironing and her mother's hands were "in the dough." Nevertheless it gave him a sudden pang to see them so; for he thought, "If she had supposed I was coming here she would not have been ironing in the kitchen," and the thermometer fell a number of degrees. He didn't know, however, that Dorr had expected him, and had been watching all the afternoon, and so had seen him marching that way, and in spite of maternal remonstrances had felt it her duty to assist about the ironing. She was woman enough not to mean to let him think she was waiting for him.

Mrs. Hodges spoke first, and half put out a floury hand; then drew it back with a deprecatory gesture, and bent again over her work. He hardly heard what she said, however, but looked at Dorr, who started in spite of herself; then gave him her hand, which, albeit it was hot and red from the merciless flat-irons, he pressed as meaningly as he dared, and thought he had a little echo of a touch in return. "She didn't expect me, but her mother did," thought he, in which he had the thing exactly reversed, but no wonder; for since Eve was fooled by a *he* I think *les femmes* have been very inscrutable, and have had their revenge all by fooling *les hommes*.

"When did you get back?"

"Now pretend you don't know. Yesterday."

"Well, I *did* see a ship come in after meeting was out. Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"Very pleasant after I got into the home waters, so that I thought I could smell home in every breeze that came from this way."

Dorr raised her eyebrows and was going to whistle—an old trick she had. "How does home smell?"

"I can't tell you exactly till you go away from it; but it's good to think of after a hard day's work."

"Whaling *is* hard work, I do suppose," said Mrs. Hodges.

"It'll do for exercise. I see there is work to be done on shore too."

"Oh yes indeed," answered Dorr, enthusiastically; "here's my ironing, you see," taking a fresh iron from the fire. "I wish we didn't have ironing to do in the hot weather."

Mrs. Hodges had finished her sponge, and had set it away to rise, and found she had work to do in another part of the house; so she went out, without heeding a look from Dorr, whose back was just then turned toward "him."

"I think you didn't expect to see me," he said, by way of experiment.

"Why, did Mahaly tell you I said I didn't want to see you?" cried Dorr, without thinking that she had made a slip.

"No, Mahaly didn't tell me; Miss Eudora Hodges told me; but I don't want to believe her, and I don't think I do."

Dorr made no answer, but her cheeks burned as she glanced sideways at him; and they were silent a little while.

"What am I now?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Just before I went away you called me Mr. Handy. What am I now?"

"Well, you haven't had your name changed, I suppose. See there, how you are raveling my nice ironing-cloth, Mr. Handy!"

"So I am. I beg pardon. I was thinking of some other things that are raveling to waste."

"I see you're just as sober as you used to be, and you talk just in the same way."

"And I am just as dull too, you would say."

"No, I didn't mean that at all."

"But you thought it? I am sober, Dorr, because I don't see any thing to laugh at just now. And then I've been away two years, and haven't talked much in that time; and perhaps I've been a little restive withal to get back; and now I am back we two are just as stiff as if we never met before."

"But—but you're grown so, and look so different, I'm most afraid of you."

"Yes, but that isn't the way to get over it, to be afraid."

"You're the one that's stiff, I'm sure, with your long words and long face too," said Dorr, feeling quite vexed.

"But I hoped you would be a little glad to see me after all this time."

"Well, I haven't said I wasn't glad."

"What was it you told me just now without meaning it?"

"Oh! but you said a minute ago you didn't believe that."

"I don't; but still you don't seem quite as I wished."

"I see you are bound to quarrel. I didn't know before that going to sea made people so rough."

"I *am* scolding—forgive me; but we won't quarrel, Dorr. What do you suppose I have been thinking of all these two years, while I have been counting the days and wondering if I should find—"

Here an interruption. Dorr had been casting about for an expedient, and she caught at the first and the worst one. "Ah-h!" she cried, dancing back from the table and flirting her fingers in the air; then, catching her holder, she seized the flat-iron in a new place; but this time she really did what she pretended before—burnt her—and so let go her hold when she had lifted it fairly up. Down went the heavy iron thud upon the table, then pitched to the floor, striking her ankle violently as it fell. No scream; but she gave a flush and a catch of her breath with the acute pain, and would have fallen had he not caught her from the floor with equal strength and gentleness; and before she could utter a syllable he had started for the stairs with her, with such a firm look on his mouth that she did not remonstrate. He had not forgotten the way, and he carried her directly to her room, and put her down gently without a word; but he could not help touching her lips with his, in their happy nearness, and was rewarded by a look and the whispered word he had been longing to hear—"Frank!" Then he left her and went away.

The ankle was slow at healing—far too slow for Dorr's patience; but she said to herself, "It's just good enough for me. I'd no business to be trying such a trick at all; and I should have known better than to try such a stupid one as that. Ache away; I deserve the whipping." And so the ankle kept giving repentant and monitory twinges.

Frank Handy walked away in a sort of glow. His call had ended rather abruptly, to be sure; but had he not held her a moment in his arms, that had been yearning for her over all the trackless miles of sea? And had she not called him by his name? He almost wished the ankle never would get well, and that he might carry her in his arms forever; and then he was inclined to bless the knowing flat-iron, that had come in to take his part. Surely a fairy—one of the New England sort, that never can work with any thing less real than flat-irons and broomsticks—must have taken hold of it just that minute. Why, so indeed she did; and she was lying up stairs now with a bruised ankle! And then he accused himself of having caused it all, and was miserable again.

He was permitted to sit with Dorr much of the time, though it is questionable whether it gave him more pleasure than pain. She was very gracious now. She smiled on him, and said the hurt was not much matter, for it gave her a chance to be idle, and kept the neighbors from interrupting her; she heard him read to her by the hour, made him tell sea-yarns, and let him feed her with the jellies and other niceties which considerate friends sent in. It was impossible for him to understand it all. Strong, earnest, direct character that he was, he could not understand how any body could act any thing or hide any thing; and whether she really cared for him and enjoyed being with him, or was only doing it to please him, was the question he could not answer and only she could. But it was somehow not easy to ask it just then; whenever he began to skirt about the tender edges of his secret Dorr took alarm, real or pretended. She would give him an appealing look as much as to say, "You *can't* take advantage of my helpless position here;" and then another look would threaten, "If you do I shall go to sleep;" and so the words got no further than his throat.

Several weeks slipped away. The wind had blown the spicy scents out of the *Esmeralda*, and the cables creaked her impatience at being tied to shore. The moderate cargo had been discharged, and supplies and ballast taken in; and the crew were getting ready to say another good-by to the lasses they left on shore. One day Frank Handy went to the house from a direction that took him through a piece of woods, and while in this he suddenly started to find that, while he was going to the house, the house had come out to him. He met Dorr picking her way along with a polished, cushioned, brass-ornamented crutch. On seeing him she started too; but did not resist when he gently took the crutch away and somehow substituted his own arm for it.

"How could I have thought you were coming this way?" said she. "Do you generally come so?"

"Sometimes. But if I had been a little later I should have found my patient gone."

"And then the doctor would have caught it. I suppose mother'll scold now; but the afternoon was too lovely and I feel so strong."

"I am very glad to see you out; but I could almost find it in my heart to be sorry too, for I have seen more of you, and now I must go away again in a day or two. How shall I think of you after I am gone?"

"I don't know I'm sure. Excuse me, there's a hop-vine I want some of."

He bent the vine over steadily, broke off the bells, and, sitting down beside her, began to plait them with a sailor's dexterity and neatness. There was a sort of dreaminess in watching the motions of his fingers, and neither of them spoke till the wreath was finished; then with a sudden toss he threw it over her head, and with the same motion caught both her hands in his.

"There is no use in trying to conceal the truth," he said; "you have seen in my eyes long ago what I am going to tell you with my lips. You know as well as I do that I love you, but you do not know how much and how long. You do not know that when I went away I left the better part of me here. You do not know how you have been in my thoughts till I can hardly see or hear any thing that does not remind me of you, and I do not suppose you know how much I mean when I tell you now that I love you. See, Dorr! I could hold your hands here if I chose; but I can not hold them through life without your consent. I let them go, then! will you put them in mine again?"

Her hands lay in her lap.

"Will you not? Mine are waiting."

Her hands did not stir, and there was no sound except the wind rustling through the leaves.

"I am very sorry, but I can not be to you what you wish," she said.

What sword is so keen as cruel words? Her eyes were averted from the earnest look of his, but she felt a shiver through the strong arm that lay touching her wrist.

"Listen, Dorr. I am going away—that is certain; and also that you are to say how I shall go. I am somewhat hard and stern now: shall I go without your love to soften and humanize me? There are temptations every where, and I have mine, which are not trifles: will you make them stronger, or will you arm me with this hope to resist them with? Will you make me doubt God, Dorr?—for I believe I am near that. I never can forget all the times we have been together, or even to-day: shall I think of them all as part of the happiness of my life, or will you arm them against me with the stings of furies?"

She turned her eyes to meet his, then looked away again, and did not speak.

"I am older than you," he resumed, "and I am a man, as strong as men generally are; but, Dorr, now I am dependent on your will. Why do you suppose your sex has this power given them over men?"

"I hope you may find some one who will use it as you wish. I must go back now."

"No, you shall not. You are not just to either of us. You injure me by only half believing what I say, and you injure yourself by doubting your own power. I have not deserved this, and I will not put up with it."

Dorr began to look black. "I don't know why you should say such things to me."

"I have a right to say them. You know better than I how much or how little you meant by all the encouragement you have given me; and you know—I do not—whether you have not known of my love this great while. One of us has changed, for I do not recognize the girl I used to know. Have I waited all this time in vain, Dorr? Will you send me away quite empty? Think a little, and remember what you are deciding."

He waited. The leaves rustled cheerily; the locusts hummed in their old way; all the sounds of the woods kept on as usual; and the careless squirrels skipped across the path and looked at them. Tick, tick, went the minutes on which he had hung his hopes, and when he looked at her there was no change in her fixed expression—part indifference, part vexation.

"I see it now," said he, bitterly: "this is my first knowledge of coquetry, and your sex are welcome to it as their special prerogative. You have worn me till you were tired of me, and now you throw me away as you will that wreath when it has faded, and care as much for one as the other."

"You talk now as if you loved me, certainly."

"Would I talk so if I did not? I ask you honestly, and with all the love of my soul, to be my wife, and help me reach a better height of manhood than I can ever reach without you; and you throw my love in my face as if I were made for your amusement. Now I see my duty before me. I will not be a slave if I can help it, and I am going to think it over, and put you out of my heart if I can."

Dorr was really angry. "Will you help me up, Mr. Handy, or hand me my crutch?"

He obeyed, and went with her to her father's gate without another word, and left her there with a simple good-by, while she went to her room, from which she came to supper with such a face that Sam stared and kept staring.

On the next day Sam came rushing into the house like a tornado that had just slipped its halter, bringing with him three things—a pair of unusually large and round eyes, a bitten finger, and a lamentable face, and called on Dorr to go out and see what there was in the yard. Remonstrance on her part—she was busy; but Sam insisted. "Such an ugly little beauty!" he said, and so she went. In the grass close to the yard fence there was a cage in which was one of the gaudiest of parrots. Dorr went back to the house indignant. "Of all the screeching, hateful things in the world, a parrot's the worst!" And she would not let Sam move the cage or go near it; so there the unlucky bird staid all day, and bit and screamed to his heart's content.

But at nightfall I suppose she relented, for one who was on the watch might have seen that the cage was brought into the house. A folded piece of paper was attached to it, and Dorr read:

> "Since yesterday I think I was harsh to you. Forgive me; but my heart was sore.
>
> "You once said to me that you should like a parrot. I came upon this one a number of months ago, and so I brought him home with me, and now I leave him for you. His education has been sadly neglected, and he can not talk much as yet; perhaps you can teach him. I might have slit his tongue with the half of a sixpence you gave me so long ago, but for some reason I did not. I will not say, Keep him for my sake, but if you are ever tired of him I have never heard that the bird is peculiarly tenacious of life.
>
> "I fear I shall not be able to put you out of my heart, Dorr. It is sad and pitiful that you should forget, who have no need to, and I, who shall be tortured till I do, can not. If I have written in something like grim pleasantry forgive me, for bitterness will come sometimes, though not against you if I can help it. Good-by, and let me be your friend.
>
> FRANK."

At the same time that Dorr read this and dropped a tear on it, the impatient *Esmeralda* glided out of the harbor and stood to sea.

The bird was soon duly domesticated, and Dorr came really to like him. He *was* "an ugly little beauty," however, for he certainly was a beauty and his temper was vicious. He never was disposed to be talkative, and all his efforts at speech ended in an odd mixture of two or three consonants which sounded more like "whiff" than any thing else; so that was given as his name.

Time went on month by month, the *Esmeralda* creeping on her venturesome course somewhere on the lower edge of the world, and Dorr going quietly on with her old life. New England is even now very uniform in its domestic life from day to day, and was much more so in the old times. Dorr probably was content, or if she was not, she never hinted it or showed it, but went on with her duties, taking care also of her strange pet, native of regions where Nature has made life appeal to the eye rather than the ear; but sometimes when she looked at him she thought of his distant owner, and possibly felt a touch of some kind of regret.

One day there was an unusual screaming heard. The cat had made a demonstration against the cage, and when Dorr picked it up and replaced it on the hook there was a piece of white paper lying on the floor. She was puzzled at first, as she recognized the writing; then she concluded it must have been hidden, accidentally or purposely, between the two boards of the bottom of the cage, and the fall had jolted it out. It read:

> "I forgot to tell you that there is a sort of magic about this parrot. Some one bestowed it on him—a Malay wizard, I believe. He can speak if he has any thing important enough to say; and if you ever wish really to know about me, where I am, and what I am doing and thinking, if you will ask him seriously he will tell you. Never do it unless you really desire to know, and then believe that he will tell you the truth. Again, and for the last time,
>
> FRANK."

"Nonsense!" was Dorr's thought; and she put the note away. During the afternoon she was thinking of it occasionally, however. She had an irresistible inclination to think over all she had known of her rejected lover in past years. How could he write her such a story as that and think she would believe it? Did going to sea make a man superstitious? Pshaw! Yet, indeed, she *would* like to know where he was, and it would be nice if the parrot could tell.

When it was coming dusk she found herself alone in the house; for her father and Sam had not come in from work, and her mother had stepped out for an hour. Perhaps the soft twilight influenced her, and she went up to the cage, which hung at the window. The bird had dozed, but she woke him up and looked at him, thinking it over. She sat down in the window and let him out, and he flew around her as he was accustomed to do, crawing his single odd word.

"Where is he?" cried she. "Does he think about me yet? Does he know how sorry I am I used him so, because I love him?"

The parrot did not answer a word. Of course he couldn't; how foolish! He only flew round and round her. Finally he settled on her head; but he was rubbing her hair with his beak and claws in a very unusual way. The touch was strange, very strange; the bird was surely possessed. The pressure on her head grew stronger and changed, and the claws were transformed into a pair of hands that suddenly slid down over her ears to her waist, where they held her in a firm clasp, and—

"Yes!" said Frank Handy. "I did not go in the *Esmeralda*, and I got back yesterday."

"Yes?" cried Dorr, with a blush and a start. Then sinking her head lower and lower, till it rested naturally on his shoulder and hid itself there, she murmured:

"Oh, Frank! I was only talking to Whiff!"

CHIAPA CHOCOLATE.

DOM BERNARD DE SALAZAR, Bishop of Chiapa, Mexico, had the misfortune to live in a perpetual state of contest with the ladies of his flock, and the subject of dispute was chocolate. It was a brave struggle—bravely fought on both sides.

The prelate fulminated all the censures at his disposal in his ecclesiastical armory; the ladies, on their side, made use of all the devices and intrigues stored in their little heads.

Now the great subject of altercation was as follows: The ladies of Chiapa were so addicted to the use of chocolate that they would neither hear low mass, much less high mass, nor a sermon, without drinking cups of steaming chocolate, and eating preserves, brought in on trays by servants during the performance of divine service; so that the voice of the preacher, or the chant of the priest, was drowned in the continual clatter of cups and clink of spoons; besides, the floor, after service, was strewn with *bon-bon* papers, and stained with splashes of the spilled beverage.

How could that be devotion which was broken in upon by the tray of delicacies! How could a preacher warm with his subject while his audience were passing to each other sponge-cake and cracknels!

Bishop Salazar's predecessor had seen this abuse grow to a head without attempting to correct it, believing such a task to be hopeless. The new prelate was of better metal. He commenced by recommending his clergy, in their private ministrations, to urge its abandonment. The priests entreated in vain. "Very well," said the Bishop, "then I shall preach about it." And so he did. At first his discourse was tender and persuasive, but his voice was drowned in the clicker of cups and saucers. Then he waxed indignant. "What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you?" The ladies looked up at the pulpit with unimpassioned eyes while sipping their chocolate, then wiped their lips and put out their hands for some comfits.

The bishop's voice thrilled shriller and louder—he looked like an Apostle in his godly indignation. Crash! down went a tray at the cathedral door, and every one looked round to see whose cups were broken.

"What was the subject of the sermon?" asked masters of their apprentices every Sunday for the next month, and the ready answer came, "Oh! chocolate again!"

After a course on the guilt of church desecration, the Bishop found that the ladies were only confirmed in their evil habits.

Reluctantly, the Bishop had recourse to the only method open to him, an excommunication, which was accordingly affixed to the cathedral gates. By this he decreed that all persons showing willful disobedience to his injunctions, by drinking or eating during the celebration of divine service, whether of mass (high or low), litanies, benediction, or vespers, should be *ipso facto* excommunicate; be deprived of participation in the sacraments of the Church, and should be denied the rite of burial, if dying in a state of impenitence. This was felt to be a severe stroke; and the ladies sent a deputation to Gage and the Prior of the Dominican monastery of St. James, entreating them to use their utmost endeavors to bring about a reconciliation and effect a compromise; a compromise which was to consist in Monseignor's revoking his interdict and in their—continuing to drink chocolate.

Gage and the Prior undertook the delicate office, and sought the Bishop.

Salazar received them with dignity, and listened calmly to their entreaties. They urged that this was an established custom; that ladies required humoring; that they were obstinate—the prelate nodded his head; that their digestions were delicate, and required that they should continually be imbibing nourishment; that they had taken a violent prejudice against him, which could only be overcome by his yielding to their whims; that if he persisted, seditions would arise which would endanger the cause of true religion; and, finally, the prelate's life was menaced in a way rather hinted at than expressed.

"Enough, my sons!" said the Bishop, with composure: "the souls under my jurisdiction must be in a perilous condition when they have forgotten that there must be obedience in little matters as well as in great: whether I am assaulting an established custom or a new abuse matters little. It is a bad habit; it is sapping the foundations of reverence and morality. God's house was built for worship, and for that alone. My children must come to His temple either to learn or to pray. Learn they will not, for they have forgotten how to pray: prayer they are unused to, for the highest act of adoration the Church can offer is only regarded by them as an opportunity for the gratification of their appetites. You recommend me to yield to their vagaries. A strange shepherd would he be who let his sheep lead him; a wondrous captain who was dictated to by his soldiers! As for the cause of true religion being endangered, I judge differently. Religion *is* endangered; but it is by children's disobedience to their spiritual legislators, and by their own perversity. I am sorry for you, my sons, that you should have undertaken a fruitless office; but you may believe me that nothing shall induce me to swerve from the course which I deem advisable. My personal safety, you hint, is endangered; my life, I answer, is in my Master's hands, and I value it but as it may advance His glory."

When the ladies heard that their request had been refused, they treated the excommunication with the greatest contempt, scoffing at it publicly, and imbibing chocolate in church, "on principle," more than ever; "Just," says Gage, "drinking in church as a fish drinks in water."

Some of the canons and priests were then stationed at the cathedral doors to stop the ingress of the servants with cups and chocolate-pots. They had received injunctions to remove the drinking and eating vessels, and suffer the servants to come empty-handed to church. A violent struggle ensued in the porch, and all the ladies within rushed in a body to the doors, to assist their domestics. The poor clerks were utterly routed and thrown in confusion down the steps, while, with that odious well-known clink, clink, the trays came in as before.

Another move was requisite, and on the following Sunday, when the ladies came to church, they found a band of soldiers drawn up outside, ready to barricade the way against any inroad of chocolate; a stern determination was depicted on the faces of the military—that if cups and saucers *did* enter the sacred edifice it should be over their corpses.

The foremost damsels halted, the matrons stood still, the crowd thickened, but not one of the pretty angels would set foot within the cathedral precincts: a busy whisper circulated, then a hush ensued, and with one accord the ladies trooped off to the monastery churches, and there was no congregation that day at the Minster.

The brethren of S. Dominic and of S. Francis were nothing loth to see their chapels crowded with all the rank and fashion of Chiapa; for with the ladies came money-offerings, and they blinked at the chocolate cups for—a consideration. This was allowed to continue a few Sundays only; our friend the bishop was not going to b[illegible]lved thus, and a new manifesto appeared, inhabiting the friars from admitting parishioners to their chapels, and ordering the latter to frequent their cathedral.

The regulars were forced to obey; not so the ladies—they would go when they pleased, quotha! and for a month and more not one of them went to church at all. The prelate was in sore trouble: he hoped that his froward charge would eventually return to the path of duty, but he hoped on from Sunday to Sunday in vain.

On Saturday evening the old bishop was more than usually anxious; he paced up and down his library, meditating on the sermon he purposed preaching on the following morning—a fruitless task, for he knew that no one would be there but a few poor Mexicans. Sick at heart, he all but wished that he had yielded for peace' sake, but conscience told him that such a course would have been wrong; and the great feature in Salazar's character was his rigid sense of duty. He leaned on his elbows and looked out of a window which opened on a lane between the palace and the cathedral.

"Silly boy!" muttered the prelate. "Luis is always prattling with that girl. I thought better of the fair sex till of late." He spoke these words as his eyes caught his page, chattering at the door, with a dark-eyed Creole servant-maid of the De Solis family. Presently the bishop clapped his hands, and a domestic entered. "Send Luis to me."

When the page came up, the old man greeted him with a half-smile.

"Well, my son, I wish my chocolate to be brought me; I could not think of breaking off that long *tête-à-tête* with Dolores, but this is past the proper time."

"Your Holiness will pardon me," said the lad; "Dolores brought you a present from the Donna de Solis; the lady sends her humble respects to your Holiness, and requests your acceptance of a large packet of very beautiful chocolate."

"I am much obliged to her," said the bishop; "did you express to the maiden my thanks?"

Luis bowed.

"Then, child, you may prepare me a cup of this chocolate, and bring it me at once."

"The Donna de Solis's chocolate?"

"Yes, my son, yes."

When the boy had left the room, the old man clasped his hands with an expression of thankfulness.

"They are going to yield! This is a sign that they are desiring reconciliation."

Next day the cathedral was thronged with ladies. The service proceeded as usual, but the bishop was not present.

"How is the Bishop?" was whispered from one lady to another, with conscious glances; till the query reached the ears of one of the canons who was at the door.

"His Holiness is very ill," he answered. "He has retired to the monastery of S. James."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is suffering from severe pains, internally."

"Has he seen a doctor?"

"Physicians have been sent for."

For eight days the good old prelate lingered in great suffering.

"Tell me," he asked, very feebly; "tell me truly, what is my complaint?"

"Your Holiness has been poisoned," replied the physician.

The Bishop turned his face to the wall. Some one whispered that he was dead, when he had been thus for some while. The dying man turned his face round, and said:

"Hush! I am praying for my poor sheep! May God pardon them." Then, after a pause: "I forgive them for having caused my death, most heartily. Poor sheep!"

And he died.

Since then there has been a proverb prevalent in Mexico: "Beware of tasting Chiapa chocolate."

The cathedral presented the same scene as before; the prelate had labored in vain, and chocolate was copiously drank at his funeral.

THE SIOUX WAR.

THE illustration which we give on page 693 shows us what, we trust, will prove the close of the Sioux War, viz., the surprise of the Indians by Sully's Brigade on 3d September. The author of the sketch, an officer in the 6th Iowa Cavalry, one of the most gallant regiments in the service, writes us:

"FORT PIERRE, DACOTAH TERRITORY,
September 26, 1863.

"While public attention has been completely absorbed with the Rebellion and the splendid record made by the Federal troops in July, an expedition which started from Sioux City in June has been working its way against every adverse circumstance up to Dacotah to punish the savages for the massacres in Minnesota last year. The troops were General A. Sully's Brigade, and consisted of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, Colonel D. S. Wilson; eight companies of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, Colonel R. W. Furnass; one company of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, Captain Millard, and one battery of six small brass pieces. General Sully's aids are his old Potomac officers, belonging to the immortal First Minnesota, viz.: Adjutant-General Captain J. H. Pell, Captain King, and Lieutenant Levering. They encountered the Indians near White Stone Hill, about the centre of Dacotah Territory, on the 3d of September, and in a most bloody fight of about thirty minutes, before night set in, killed nearly two hundred savages, wounding nearly one hundred more, capturing one hundred and fifty-eight prisoners, besides seizing immense supplies of buffalo meat which they had dried for the winter, destroying five hundred of their lodges, capturing a large lot of ponies, and an immense stock of robes, furs, etc. The result of this fight will most certainly lead the savages to sue for peace. They never have suffered such a terrible blow. The left represents the Sixth Iowa Cavalry led by Colonel Wilson, who narrowly escaped, his horse being killed under him while gallantly leading his regiment. The right represents the Second Nebraska under their popular Colonel R. W. Furnass, whose horse was wounded under him in the engagement. The whole brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Alfred Sully. He is a most gallant officer, having fought bravely in every battle on the Potomac from Bull Run to Chancellorsville. He is an old regular, and was selected because he was experienced in savage warfare. In this battle the number engaged was about twelve hundred against the same number of Indian warriors. He lost twelve men killed and twenty-three wounded. Few officers would have overcome all the obstacles that General Sully did in this trip. He deserves well at the hands of his countrymen. In every grade he has done his duty nobly. I refer you for more particulars of the battle to the Iowa papers."

CHARLESTON.

WE devote pages 700 and 701 to illustrations of the progress of events at Charleston.

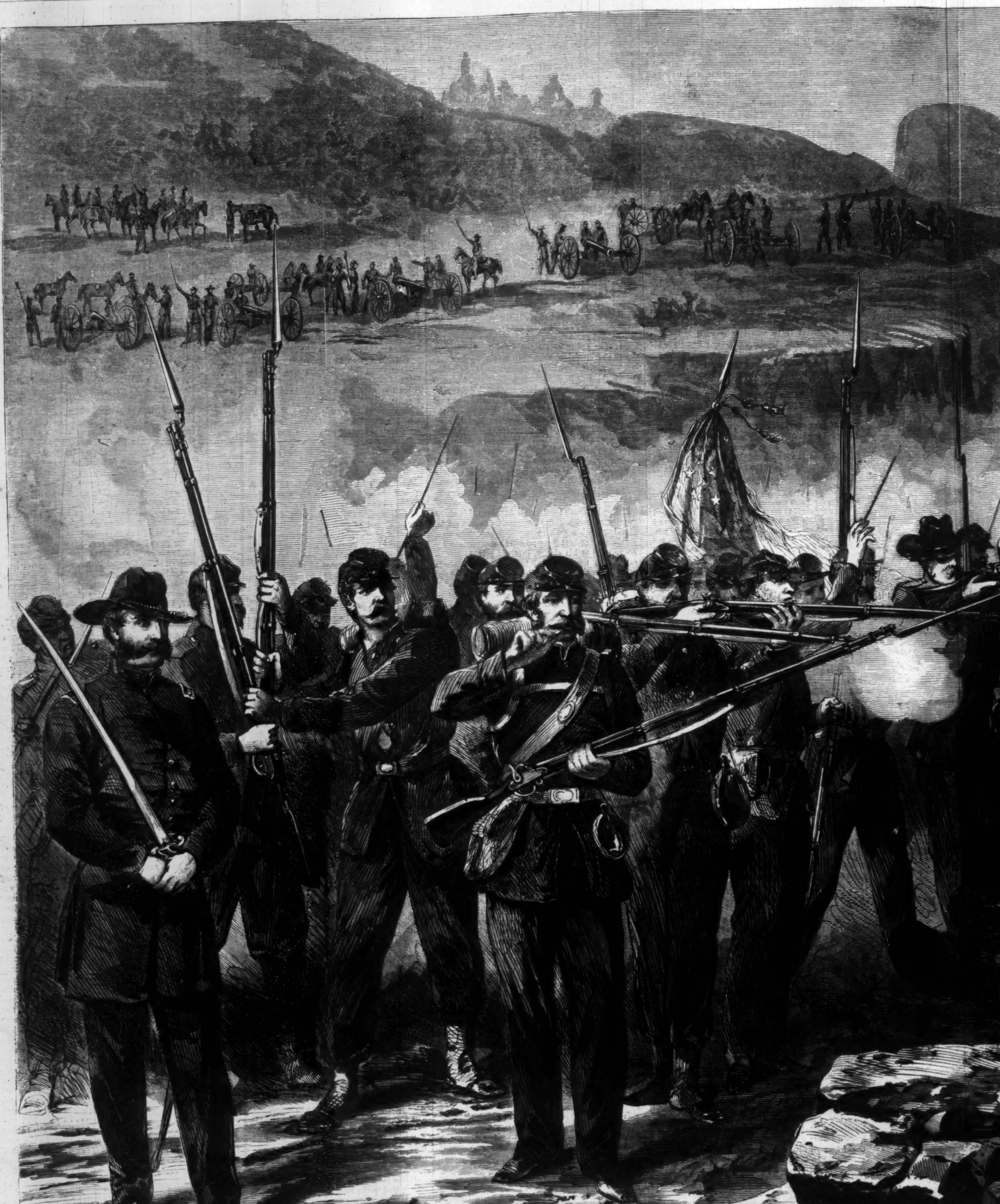
The attempt to blow up the iron-clad steamer *New Ironsides*, on the evening of the 5th of October, is one of the most daring and brilliant exploits of the present war—a war full of brave deeds. Our artist has drawn the scene just at the moment of explosion, when the crew of the vessel were firing volleys of musketry at the unseen foe. The explosion was witnessed by him from the beach near Fort Wagner, and the scene from there obtained inimitably grand, notwithstanding the darkness of the night.

Our artist also sends us a sketch of the "cigar steamer" used in the attempt. It is drawn from the descriptions of the prisoners Glassell and Toombs—the former, at the commencement of the war, a lieutenant in the United States navy. The steamer, if such a contrivance can be called a steamer, was only large enough to contain four or five men. The torpedo was attached to the forward end, and far enough under water to come in contact with the vessel's bottom to which it was directed. The man who steered was entirely exposed, sitting on top with his feet in the water. It was this man who fired the shot which is supposed to have mortally wounded the officer of the deck on the *Ironsides*. This nondescript was towed abreast of Fort Sumter by a small steamer, and from there started upon its supposed errand of destruction, accompanied by the small boat which our artist has thrown in the fore-ground of the picture on page 700.

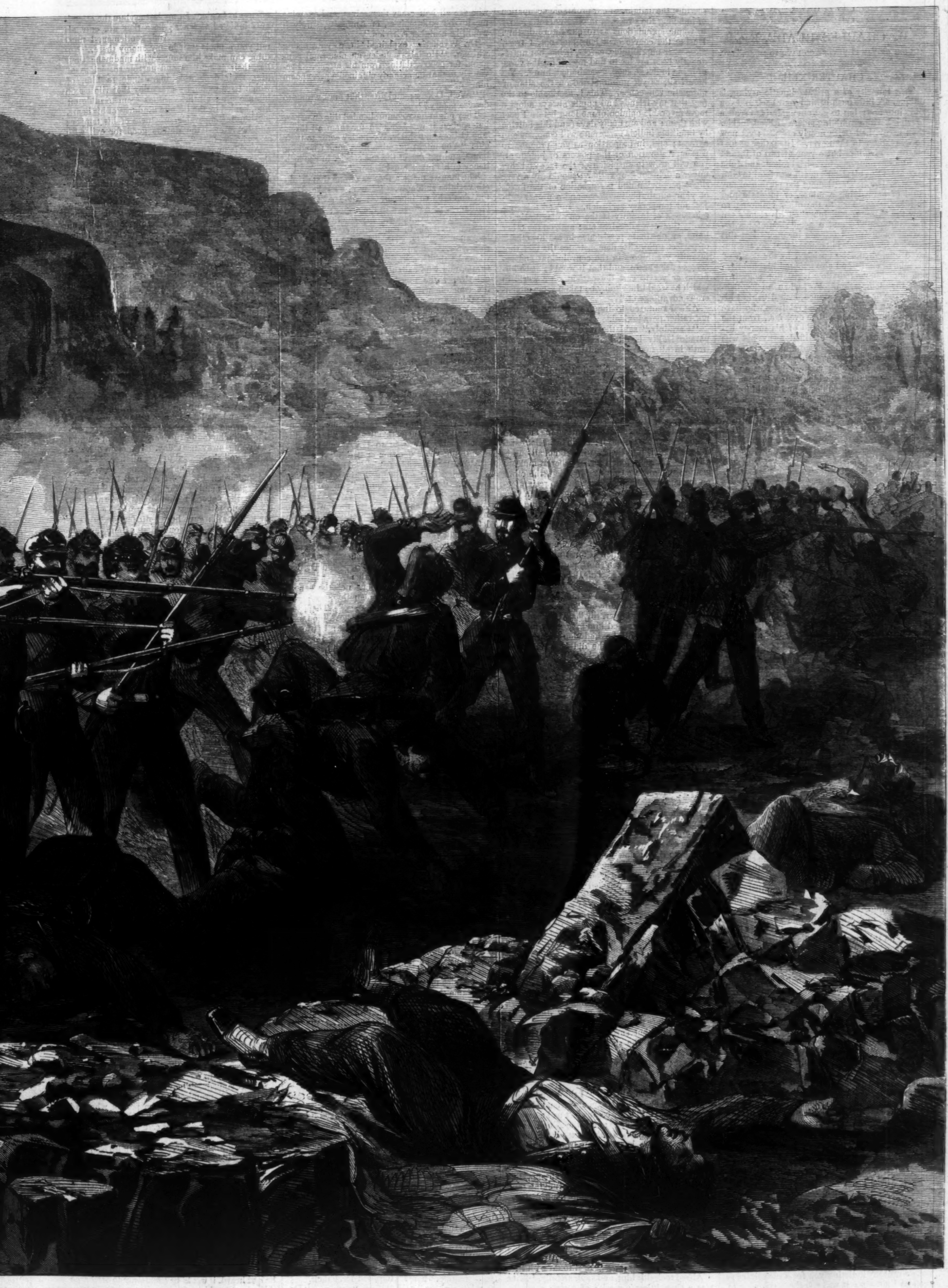
The subject of our sketch now lies at the bottom of the harbor on the very spot chosen as the resting-place of the *Ironsides*. It carried down with it the bodies of two of its crew of four.

Our other illustrations, from sketches by Mr. Otto Enz, show us the enemy's works on Sullivan's Island. Mr. Enz writes:

"The representation of Fort Moultrie shows the effects of the last bombardment by the *Ironsides* and Monitors. The effect of the shots is visible on the house standing in the centre of the fort; also on the outside of the ramparts or banks where you see men at work to mend the damages. Those square white patches resting on the embankment are piles of sand-bags to protect the gunners, and have been erected since the last fight, giving to the fort a different appearance from what it had three weeks ago. The other batteries, Bee and Beauregard, are all on Sullivan's Island, and will in the next few days be the scene of a desperate fight."



THE BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA—THOMAS'S MEN REPULSIN



LSING THE CHARGES OF THE REBELS.—[See Page 690.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

The tenacity of a private lunatic asylum is unique. A little push behind your back and you slide into one; but to get out again is to scale a precipice with crumbling sides. Alfred, luckier than many, had twice nearly escaped: yet now he was tighter in than ever. His father at first meant to give him but a year or two of it, and let him out on terms, his spirit broken, and Julia married. But his sister's death was fatal to him. By Mrs. Hardie's settlement the portion of any child of hers dying a minor, or intestate and childless, was to go to the other children: so now the prisoner had inherited his sister's ten thousand pounds, and a good slice of his bereaved enemy's and father's income. But this doubled his father's bitterness—that he, the unloved one, should be enriched by the death of the adored one!—and also tempted his cupidity: and unfortunately shallow legislation conspired with that temptation. For, when an Englishman, sane or insane, is once pushed behind his back into a mad-house, those relatives who have hidden him from the public eye, *i. e.*, from the eye of justice, can grab hold of his money behind his back, as they certified away his wits behind his back, and can administer it in the dark, and embezzle it, chanting "But for us the 'dear deranged' would waste it." Nor do the monstrous enactments, which confer this unconstitutional power on subjects, and shield its exercise from the light and safeguard of Publicity, affix any penalty to the abuse of that power, if by one chance in a thousand detected. In Lunacy Law extremes of intellect meet: the British senator plays at Satan; and tempts human frailty and cupidity beyond what they are able to bear.

So behold a son at twenty-one years of age devoted by a father to imprisonment for life. But stop a minute; the mad statutes, which by the threefold temptation of Facility, Obscurity, and Impunity, insure the occasional incarceration and frequent detention of sane but moneyed men, do provide, though feebly, for their bare liberation, provided they don't yield to the genius loci, and the natural effect of confinement plus anguish, by going mad, or dying. The Commissioners of Lunacy had power to liberate Alfred in spite of his relations. And that power, you know, he had soberly but earnestly implored them to exercise.

After a delay that seemed as strange to him as postponing a hand to a drowning man, he received an official letter from Whitehall. With bounding heart he broke the seal, and devoured the contents. They ran thus:

"Sir,—By order of the Commissioners of Lunacy I am directed to inform you that they are in the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, which will be laid before the board at their next meeting. I am, etc."

Alfred was bitterly disappointed at the small advance he had made. However, it was a great point to learn that his letters were allowed to go to the Commissioners at all, and would be attended to by degrees.

He waited and waited, and struggled hard to possess his soul in patience; at times his brain throbbed and his blood boiled, and he longed to kill the remorseless, kindless monsters who robbed him of his liberty, his rights as a man, and his Julia: but he knew this would not do; that what they wanted was to gnaw his reason away, and then who could disprove that he had always been mad? Now he felt that brooding on his wrong would infuriate him; so he clenched his teeth, and vowed a solemn vow that nothing should drive him mad. By advice of a patient he wrote again to the Commissioners begging for a Special Commission to inquire into his case; and, this done, with rare stoicism, self-defense, and wisdom in one so young, he actually sat down to read hard for his first class. Now, to do this, he wanted the Ethics, Politics, and Rhetoric of Aristotle, certain Dialogues of Plato, the Comedies of Aristophanes, the first-class Historians, Demosthenes, Lucretius, a Greek Testament, Wheeler's Analysis, Prideaux, Horne, and several books of reference, sacred and profane. But he could not get these books without Dr. Wycherley, and unfortunately he had cut that worthy dead in his own asylum.

"The Scornful Dog" had to eat wormwood pudding and humble pie. He gulped these delicacies as he might; and Dr. Wycherley showed excellent qualities; he entered into his maniac's studies with singular alacrity, supplied him with several classics from his own shelves, and borrowed the rest at the London Library. Nor did his zeal stop there: he offered to read an hour a day with him, and owned it would afford him the keenest gratification to turn out an Oxford first classman from his asylum. This remark puzzled Alfred, and set him thinking; it bore a subtle family resemblance to the observations he heard every day from the patients; it was so one-eyed.

Soon Alfred became the Doctor's pet maniac. They were often closeted together in high discourse, and indeed discussed Psychology, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy with indefatigable zest, long after common sense would have packed them both off to bed, the donkeys. In fact, they got so thick that Alfred thought it only fair to say one day, "Mind, Doctor, all these pleasant fruitful hours we spend together so sweetly will not prevent my indicting you for a conspiracy as soon as I get out: it will rob the retribution of half its relish though."

"Ah, my dear young friend and fellow-student," said the Doctor, blandly, "let us not sacrifice the delights of our profitable occupation of imbibing the sweets of intellectual intercourse to vague speculations as to our future destiny. During the course of a long and not, I trust, altogether unprofitable, career, it has not unfrequently been my lot to find myself on the verge of being indicted, sued, assassinated, hung. Yet here I sit, as yet unimmolated on the altar of phrenetic vengeance. This is ascribable to the fact that my friends and pupils always adopt a more favorable opinion of me long before I part with them; and ere many days (and this I divine by infallible indicia) *your* cure will commence in earnest; and, in proportion as you progress to perfect restoration of the powers of judgment, you will grow in suspicion of the fact of being under a delusion—or rather I should say a very slight perversion and perturbation of the forces of your admirable intellect—and a proper subject for temporary seclusion. Indeed this consciousness of insanity is the one diagnostic of sanity that never deceives me: and, on the other hand, an obstinate persistence in the hypothesis of perfect rationality demonstrates the fact that insanity yet lingers in the convolutions and recesses of the brain, and that it would not be humane as yet to cast the patient on a world in which he would inevitably be taken some ungenerous advantage of."

Alfred ventured to inquire whether this was not rather paradoxical.

"Certainly," said the ready Doctor; "and paradoxicality is an indicial characteristic of truth in all matters beyond the comprehension of the vulgar."

"That *sounds* rational," said the maniac, very dryly.

One afternoon, grinding hard for his degree, he was invited down stairs to see two visitors.

At that word he found out how prison tries the nerves. He trembled with hope, and fear. It was but for a moment: he bathed his face and hands to compose himself; made his toilet carefully, and went into the drawing-room, all on his guard. There he found Dr. Wycherley and two gentlemen; one was an ex-physician, the other an ex-barrister, who had consented to resign feelessness and brieflessness for a snug £1500 a year at Whitehall. After a momentary greeting they continued the conversation with Dr. Wycherley, and scarcely noticed Alfred. They were there pro formâ; a plausible lunatic had pestered the Board, and extorted a visit of ceremony. Alfred's blood boiled, but he knew it must not boil over. He contrived to throw a short, pertinent remark in every now and then. This, being done politely, told, and at last Dr. Eskell, Commissioner of Lunacy, smiled and turned to him. "Allow me to put a few questions to you."

"The more the better, Sir," said Alfred.

Dr. Eskell then asked him to describe minutely, and in order, all he had done since seven o'clock that day. And he did it. Examined him in the multiplication table. And he did it. And, while he was applying these old-fashioned tests, Wycherley's face wore an expression of pity, that was truly comical. Now this Dr. Eskell had an itch for the classics: so he went on to say, "You have been a scholar, I hear."

"I am not old enough to be a scholar, Sir," said Alfred; "but I am a student."

"Well, well; now can you tell me what follows this line?

Jusque datum sceleri canimus populumque potentem."

"Why, not at the moment."

"Oh, surely you can," said Dr. Eskell, ironically. "It is in a tolerably well-known passage. Come, try."

"Well, I'll *try*," said Alfred, sneering secretly. "Let me see:

> Mum—mum—mum—populumque potentem,
> In sua victrici conversum viscera dextrâ."

"Quite right; now go on, if you can."

Alfred, who was playing with his examiner all this time, pretended to cudgel his brains a bit, then went on, and warmed involuntarily with the lines:

> "Cognatasque acies et rupto fœdere regni
> Certatum totis concussi viribus orbis
> In commune nefas; infestis que obvia signis
> Signa, pares aquilas, et pila minantia pilis."

"He seems to have a good memory," said the examiner, rather taken aback.

"Oh, that is nothing for him," observed Wycherley.

> "He has Horace all by heart; you'd wonder:
> And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder."

The great faculty of Memory thus tested, Dr. Eskell proceeded to a greater; Judgment. "Spirited lines those, Sir."

"Yes, Sir; but surely rather tumid. 'The whole forces of the shaken globe?' But little poets love big words."

"I see; you agree with Horace, that so great a work as an epic poem should open modestly, with an invocation."

"No, Sir," said Alfred. "I think that rather an arbitrary and peevish canon of friend Horace. The Æneid, you know, begins just as he says an Epic ought not to begin; and the Æneid is the greatest Latin Epic. In the next place, the use of Modesty is to keep a man from writing an Epic Poem at all; but, if he will have that impudence, why then he had better have the courage to plunge into the Castalian stream, like Virgil and Lucan, not crawl in funking and holding on by the Muse's apron-string. But—excuse me—quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt? what have the Latin poets to do with this modern's Sanity or Insanity?"

Mr. Abbott snorted contemptuously in support of the query. But Dr. Eskell smiled, and said: "Continue to answer me as intelligently, and you may find it has a great deal to do with it."

Alfred took this hint, and said, artfully, "Mine was a thoughtless remark; of course a gentleman of your experience can test the mind on any subject however trivial." He added, piteously, "Still, if you would but leave the poets, who are all half crazy themselves, and examine me in the philosophers, of Antiquity, surely it would be a higher criterion."

Dr. Wycherley explained in a patronizing whisper, "He labors under an abnormal contempt for poetry, dating from his attack. Previously to that he actually obtained a prize poem himself."

"Well, Doctor; and after that am I wrong to despise poetry?"

They might have comprehended this on paper, but spoken it was too keen for them all three. The visitors stared, Dr. Wycherley came to their aid: "You might examine my young friend for hours, and not detect the one crevice in the brilliancy of his intellectual armor."

The maniac made a face as of one that drinketh verjuice suddenly. "For pity's sake, Doctor, don't be so inaccurate: say a spot on the brilliancy, or a crevice in the armor; but not a crevice in the brilliancy. My good friend here, gentlemen, deals in conjectural certificates and broken metaphors. He dislocates more tropes, to my sorrow, than even his friend Shakspeare, whom he thinks a greater philosopher than Aristotle, and who calls the murder of an individual sleeper the murder of sleep, confounding the concrete with the abstract, and then talks of taking arms against a sea of troubles; query, a cork jacket and a flask of brandy."

"Well, Mr. Hardie," said Dr. Eskell, rather feebly, "let me tell you those passages which so shock your *peculiar* notions are among the most applauded."

"Very likely, Sir," retorted the maniac, whose logic was up; "but applauded only in a nation where the *floods* clap their hands every Sunday morning, and we all pray for peace, giving as our exquisite reason that we have got the God of hosts on our side in war."

Mr. Abbott, the other commissioner, had endured all this chat with an air of weary indifference. He now said to Dr. Wycherley, "I wish to put you a question or two in private."

Alfred was horribly frightened: this was the very dodge that had ruined him at Silverton House. "Oh no, gentlemen," he cried, imploringly. "Let me have fair play. You have given me no secret audience; then why give my accuser one? I am charged with a single delusion; for mercy's sake go to the point at once, and examine me on that head."

"Now you talk sense," said Mr. Abbott; as if the previous topics had been chosen by Alfred.

"But that will excite him," objected Dr. Eskell: "it always does excite them."

"It excites the insane, but not the sane," said Alfred. "So there is another test; you will observe whether it excites *me*." Then, before they could interrupt him, he glided on: "The supposed hallucination is this: I strongly suspect my father, a bankrupt—and therefore dishonest—banker, of having somehow misappropriated a sum of fourteen thousand pounds, which sum is known to have been brought from India by one Captain Dodd, and has disappeared."

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Abbott. "Who knows it, besides you?"

"The whole family of the Dodds. They will show you his letter from India, announcing his return with the money."

"Where do they live?"

"Albion Villa, Barkington."

Mr. Abbott noted the address in his book, and Alfred, mightily cheered and encouraged by this sensible act, went on to describe the various indications, which, insufficient singly, had by their united force driven him to his conclusion. When he described David's appearance and words on his father's lawn at night, Wycherley interrupted him, quietly: "Are you quite sure this was not a vision, a phantom of the mind heated by your agitation, and your suspicions?"

Dr. Eskell nodded assent, knowing nothing about the matter.

"Pray, Doctor, was I the only person who saw this vision?" inquired Alfred, slyly.

"I conclude so," said Wycherley, with an admirable smile.

"But why do you conclude so? because you are one of those who reason in a circle of assumptions. Now it happens that Captain Dodd was seen and felt on that occasion by three persons besides myself."

"Name them," said Mr. Abbott, sharply.

"A policeman called Reynolds, another policeman, whose name I don't know, and Miss Julia Dodd. The policemen helped me lift Captain Dodd off the grass, Sir; Julia met us close by, and we four carried Dr. Wycherley's phantom home together to Albion Villa."

Mr. Abbott noted down all the names, and then turned to Dr. Wycherley. "What do you say to that?"

"I say it is a very important statement," said the Doctor, blandly; "and that I am sure my young friend would not advance it unless he was firmly persuaded of its reality."

"Much obliged, Doctor; and you would not contradict me so rashly in a matter I know all about and you know nothing about, if it was not your fixed habit to found facts on theories instead of theories on facts."

"There, that is enough," said Mr. Abbott. "I have brought you both to an issue at last. I shall send to Barkington and examine the policemen and the Dodds."

"Oh, thank you, Sir," cried Alfred, with emotion. "If you once apply genuine tests like that to my case, I shall not be long in prison."

"Prison?" said Wycherley, reproachfully.

"Have you any complaint, then, to make of your treatment here?" inquired Dr. Eskell.

"No, no, Sir," said Alfred, warmly. "Dr. Wycherley is the very soul of humanity. Here are no tortures, no handcuffs or leg-locks, no brutality, no insects that murder Sleep—without offense to Logic. In my last asylum the attendants inflicted violence; here they are only allowed to endure it. And, gentlemen, I must tell you a noble trait in my enemy there. Nothing can make him angry with madmen; their lies, their groundless and narrow suspicions of him, their deplorable ingratitude to him, of which I see examples every day that rile *me* on his account; all these things seem to glide off him, baffled by the infinite kindness of his heart, and the incomparable sweetness of his temper; and he returns the duffers good for evil with scarcely an effort."

At this unexpected tribute the water stood in the Doctor's eyes. It was no more than the truth; but this was the first man he had met intelligent enough to see his good qualities clearly and express them eloquently.

"In short," continued Alfred, "to be happy in his house all a man wants is to be insane. But, as I am not insane, I am miserable: no convict, no galley-slave is so wretched as I am, gentlemen. And what is my crime?"

"Well, well," said Dr. Eskell, kindly, "I think it likely you will not be very long in confinement." They then civilly dismissed him; and on his departure asked Dr. Wycherley his candid opinion. Dr. Wycherley said he was now nearly cured; his ability to discuss his delusion without excitement was of itself a proof of that. But in another month he would be better still. The Doctor concluded his remarks thus:

"However, gentlemen, you have heard him: now judge for yourselves whether any body can be as clever as he is, without the presence of more or less abnormal excitement of the organs of intelligence."

It was a bright day for Alfred: he saw he had made an excellent impression on the Commissioners, and, as luck does not always come single, after many vain attempts to get a letter posted to Julia, he found this very afternoon a nurse was going away next day. He offered her a guinea, and she agreed to post a letter. Oh the happiness it was to the poor prisoner to write it, and unburden his heart and tell his wrongs. He kept his manhood for his enemies; his tears fell on the paper he sent to his forlorn bride. He had no misgivings of her truth: he judged her by himself: gave her credit for anxiety, but not for doubt. He concluded a long, ardent, tender letter by begging her to come and see him, and, if refused admission, to publish his case in the newspapers, and employ a lawyer to proceed against all the parties concerned in his detention. Day after day he waited for an answer to his letter; none came. Then he began to be sore perplexed, and torn with agonizing doubts. What if her mind was poisoned too! What if she thought him mad! What if some misfortune had befallen her! What if she had believed him dead, and her heart had broken! Hitherto he had seen his own trouble chiefly: but now he began to think day and night on hers; and though he ground on for his degree not to waste time, and not to be driven mad, yet it was almost superhuman labor; sighs issued from his laboring breast while his hard, indomitable brain labored away, all uphill, at Aristotle's Divisions and Definitions.

On the seventh day, the earliest the mad statute allowed, the two Commissioners returned, and this time Mr. Abbott took the lead, and told him that the policeman Reynolds had left the force, and the Dodds had left the town, and were in London, but their address not known.

At this Alfred was much agitated. She was alive, and perhaps near him.

"I have heard a good deal of your story," said Mr. Abbott, "and, coupling it with what we have seen of you, we think your relatives have treated you, and a young lady of whom every body speaks with respect—"

"God bless you for saying that! God bless you!"

"—treated you both, I say, with needless severity."

Dr. Eskell then told him the result of the Special Commission, now closed. "I believe you to be cured," said he; "and Mr. Abbott has some doubts whether you were ever positively insane. We shall lay your case before the Board at once, and the Board will write to the party who signed the order, and propose to him to discharge you at once."

At this magnificent project Alfred's countenance fell, and he stared with astonishment. "What! have you not the power to do me justice, without soliciting Injustice to help you?"

"The Board has the power," said Dr. Eskell; "but for many reasons they exercise it with prudence and reserve. Besides, it is only fair to those who have signed the order to give them the graceful office of liberating the patient: it paves the way to reconciliation."

Alfred sighed. The Commissioners, to keep up his heart, promised to send him copies of their correspondence with the person who had signed the order. "Then," said Mr. Abbott, kindly, "you will see your case is not being neglected."

The following précis, though imperfect, will give some idea of the correspondence:

1. The Board wrote to Thomas Hardie, letting him know the result of the Special Commission, and requesting him to discharge his nephew.

Thomas quaked. Richard smiled, and advised Thomas to take no notice. By this a week was gained to Injustice, and lost to Justice.

2. The Board pointed out Thomas Hardie's inadvertence in not answering No. 1; inclosed copy of it, and pressed for a reply.

Thomas quaked, Richard smiled.

3. Thomas Hardie to the Board. From what he had heard, it would be premature to discharge Alfred. Should prefer to wait a month or two.

4. Alfred to Board warning them against this proposal. To postpone justice was to refuse justice, certainly for a time, probably forever.

5. The Board to Thomas Hardie, suggesting that if not released immediately he ought to have a trial—i. e., be allowed to go into the world with a keeper.

6. Alfred to the Board begging that Dr. Sampson, an honest independent physician, might be allowed to visit him and report to them.

7. The Board to Alfred declining this for the present as unadvisable, they being in correspondence with the person who had signed the order—with a view to his liberation.

8. T. Hardie to the Board shuffling, and requesting time to make further inquiries.

9. The Board suggesting there should be some reasonable limit to delay.

10. T. Hardie asking for a month to see about it.

11. The Board suggesting a week.

12. Alfred Hardie asking permission to be visited by a solicitor with a view to protection of his liberty and property.

13. The Board declining this, pending their correspondence with other parties; but asking him for the names and addresses of all his trustees.

14. Thomas Hardie informing the Board he had now learned Alfred had threatened to kill his father as soon as ever he should get out, and leaving the Board to discharge him on their own responsibility if they chose after this warning: but declining peremptorily to do so himself.

15, 16, 17. The Board, by advice of Mr. Abbott, to Alfred's trustees, warning them against any alienation of Alfred's money, under the notion that he was legally a lunatic: and saying that a public Inquiry appeared inevitable, owing to Mr. T. Hardie's unwillingness to enter into their views.

18. To Alfred, inquiring whether he wished to encounter the expense of Chancery proceedings to establish his sanity?

19. Alfred to the Board, imploring them to use their powers and discharge him without further delay, and assuring them he meditated no violence on his liberation, but should proceed against all parties under legal advice.

20. The Board to T. Hardie, warning him that he must in future pay Alfred's maintenance in Asylum out of his own pocket, and pressing him either to discharge the young man, or else to apply to the Lord Chancellor for a Commission de Lunatico Inquirendo, and inclosing copy of a letter from Wycherley saying the patient was harmless.

21. T. Hardie respectfully declining to do either, but reminding the Commissioners that the matter could be thrown into Chancery without his consent, only the expense, which would be tremendous, would fall on the lunatic's estate; which might hereafter be regretted by the party himself. He concluded by promising to come to town and visit Alfred with his family physician, and write further in a week.

Having thus thrown dust in the eyes of the Board, Thomas Hardie and Richard consulted with a notoriously unscrupulous mad-house keeper in the suburbs of London, and effected a master-stroke; whereof anon.

The correspondence had already occupied three months, and kept Alfred in a fever of the mind; of all the maddening things with which he had been harassed by the pretended curers of Insanity, this had tried him hardest. To see a dozen honest gentlemen wishing to do justice, able to do justice by one manly stroke of the pen, yet forego their vantage-ground, and descend to coax an able rogue to do their duty, and undo his own interest and rascality! To see a strong cause turned into a weak one by the timidity of champions clad by law in complete steel; and a rotten cause, against which Law and Power, as well as Truth, Justice, and Common Sense, had now declared, turned into a strong one by the pluck and cunning of his one unarmed enemy! The ancients feigned that the ingenious gods tortured Tantalus in hell by ever-present thirst, and water flowing to just the outside of his lips. A Briton can thirst for liberty as hard as Tantalus or hunted deer can thirst for cooling springs: and this soul-gnawing correspondence brought liberty, and citizenhood, and love, and happiness, to the lips of Alfred's burning, pining, aching heart, again, and again, and again; then carried them away from him in mockery. Oh the sickening anguish of Hope deferred, and deferred:

> The Hell it is in suing long to bide.

But indeed his hopes began to sicken for good when he found that the Board would not allow any honest independent physician to visit him, or any solicitor to see him. At first, indeed, they refused it because Mr. Thomas Hardie was going to let him out: but when T. Hardie would not move at their request, then, on a fresh application, they refused it, giving as their reason that they had already refused it. Yet in so keen a battle he would not throw away a chance: so he determined to win Dr. Wycherley altogether by hook or by crook, and get a certificate of sanity from him. Now a single white lie, he knew, would do the trick. He had only to say that Hamlet was mad. And "Hamlet was mad" is easily said.

Dr. Wycherley, you see, was a collector of mad people, and collectors are always amateurs, and very seldom connoisseurs. His turn of mind co-operating with his interests, led him to put down any man a lunatic whose intellect was manifestly superior to his own. Alfred Hardie, and one or two more contemporaries, had suffered by this humor of the good Doctor's. Nor did the dead escape him entirely. Pascal, according to Wycherley, was a madman with an illusion about a precipice; John Howard a moral lunatic in whom the affections were reversed; Saul a moping maniac with homicidal paroxysms and nocturnal visions; Paul an incoherent lunatic, who in his writings flies off at a tangent, and who admits having once been the victim of a photopsic illusion in broad daylight; Nebuchadnezzar was a lycanthropical lunatic; Joan of Arc a theomaniac; Bobby Burton and Oliver Cromwell were melancholy maniacs; Napoleon was an ambitious maniac, in whom the sense of impossibility became gradually extinguished by visceral and cerebral derangement; Luther a phrenetic patient of the old demoniac breed, alluded to by Shakspeare:

> One sees more devils than vast Hell can hold.
> That is the madman.

But without any disrespect to any of these gentlemen, he assigned the golden crown of Insanity to Hamlet. To be sure this character tells his friends in the play he shall feign insanity, and swears them not to reveal the reason. And after this hint to his friends and the audience (it is notorious he was not written for readers) he keeps his word, and does it as cleverly as if his name was David or Brutus instead of Hamlet; indeed, like Edgar, he rather overdoes it, and so puzzles his enemies in the play, any certain German criticasters and English mad doctors in the closet, and does not puzzle his bosom friend in the play one bit, nor the pit for whom he was created. Add to this his sensibility, and his kindness to others, and his eloquent grief at the heart-rending situation, which his father's and mother's son was placed in, and had brains to realize, though his psychological critics, it seems, have not; and, add to all that, the prodigious extent of his mind, his keen observation, his deep reflection, his brilliant fancy united for once in a way with the great Academic, or judicial, intellect, that looks down and sees all the sides of every thing—and what can this rare intellectual compound be? Wycherley decided the question. Hamlet was too much greater in the world of mind than S. T. Coleridge and his German criticasters, too much higher, deeper, and broader than Esquirol, Pinel, Sauze, Haslam, Munro, Pagan, Wigan, Prichard, Romberg, Wycherley, and such small deer, to be any thing but a madman.

Now, in their midnight discussions, Dr. Wycherley more than once alluded to the insanity of Hamlet; and offered proofs. But Alfred declined the subject as too puerile. "A man must exist before he can be insane," said the Oxonian philosopher, severe in youthful gravity. But when he found that Dr. Wycherley, had he lived in Denmark at the time, would have conferred cannily with Hamlet's uncle, removed that worthy relative's disbelief in Hamlet's insanity, and signed the young gentleman away behind his back into a lunatic asylum, Alfred began to sympathize with this posthumous victim of Psychological Science. "I believe the bloke was no madder than I am," said he. He got the play, studied it afresh, compared the fiction with the legend, compared Hamlet humbugging his enemies and their tool, Ophelia, with Hamlet opening his real mind to himself or his Horatio the very next moment; contrasted the real madness the author has portrayed in the plays of Hamlet and Lear by the side of these extravagant imitations, to save, if possible, even dunces, and dreamers, and criticasters from being taken in by the latter; and at their next séance pitched into the Doctor's pet Chimera, and what with logic, fact, ridicule, and the author's lines, knocked it to atoms double quick.

Now, in their midnight discussions, Dr. Wycherley had always handled the question of Alfred Hardie's Sanity or Insanity with a philosophical coolness the young man admired, and found it hard to emulate; but this philosophic calmness deserted him the moment Hamlet's insanity was disputed, and the harder he was pressed, the redder, the angrier, the louder, the more confused the Psychological physician became; and presently he got furious, and burst out of the antispasmodic or roundabout style, and called Alfred a d—d ungrateful, insolent puppy, and went stamping about the room; and, finally, to the young man's horror, fell down in a fit of an Epileptic character, grinding his teeth and foaming at the mouth.

Alfred was filled with regret, and, though alarmed, had the presence of mind not to call for assistance. The fit was a very mild one in reality, though horrible to look at. The Doctor came to, and asked feebly for wine. Alfred got it him, and the Doctor, with a mixture of cunning and alarm in his eye, said he had fainted away, or nearly. Alfred assented coaxingly, and looked sheepish. After this he took care never to libel Hamlet's intellect again by denying his insanity; for he was now convinced of what he had long half suspected, that the Doctor had a bee in his own bonnet; and Alfred had studied true insanity all this time, and knew how inhumane it is to oppose a monomaniac's foible; it only infuriates and worries him. No power can convince him.

But now he resolved to play on the Doctor's foible. It went against his conscience; but the temptation was so strong. He came to him with a hang-dog air:

"Doctor," said he, "I have been thinking over your arguments, and I capitulate. If Hamlet ever existed, he was as mad as a March hare." And he blushed at this his first quibble.

Dr. Wycherley beamed with satisfaction.

"My young friend, this gives me sincere pleasure—not on my account, but on your own. There goes one of your illusions then. Now tell me—the £14,000! Have you calmly reconsidered that too?"

Alfred hung his head, and looked guiltier and guiltier.

"Why," said he, "that never amounted to any thing more than a strong suspicion. It has long ceased to occupy my mind in excess. However, should I ever be so fortunate as to recover my liberty, I have no objection to collect the evidence about it, pro and con, and then make you the judge instead of myself." This he delivered with an admirable appearance of indifference.

"Very well, Sir," said the Doctor, dryly. "Then, now, I have a piece of good news for *you*."

"Oh, Doctor, what is that?"

"Your cure is complete; that is all! You are now a sane man, as sane as I am."

Alfred was a little disappointed at this piece of news; but, recovering himself, asked him to certify that, and let him send the certificate to the Board. Dr. Wycherley said he would, with pleasure.

"I'll bring it to you when I make my round," said he.

Alfred retired triumphant, and went in at Plato with a good heart.

In about an hour Dr. Wycherley paid him the promised visit. But what may not an hour bring forth? He came with mortification and regret in his face to tell Alfred that an order of transfer had been signed by the proper parties, and countersigned by two Commissioners, and he was to go to Dr. Wolf's asylum that day.

Alfred groaned.

"I knew my father would outwit my feeble friends somehow or other," said he. "What is his game? Do you know?"

"I suppose to obtain a delay, and meantime get you into an asylum where they will tell the Commissioners you are worse again, and perhaps do something to make their words good. Dr. Wolf, between ourselves, will say or do almost any thing for money. And his asylum is conducted on the old system, though he pretends not."

"My dear friend," said Alfred, "will you do me a favor?"

"How could I deny you any thing at this sorrowful moment?"

"Here is an advertisement I want inserted in the *Morning Advertiser*."

"Oh, I can't do that, I fear."

"Look at it before you break my heart by refusing me."

Dr. Wycherley looked at it, and said it was innocent, being unintelligible, and he would insert it himself.

"Three insertions, dear Doctor," said Alfred. "Here is the money."

The Doctor then told him sorrowfully he must pack up his things. Dr. Wolf's keepers were waiting for him.

The moment of parting came. Then Alfred solemnly forgave him, Dr. Wycherley, for signing away his wits, and thanked him for all his kindness and humanity. "We shall never meet again, I fear," said he; "I feel a weight of foreboding here about my heart I never felt before; yet my trials have been many and great. I think the end is at hand." Dr. Wolf's keepers received him, and their first act was to handcuff him. The cold steel struck into him deeper than his wrist, and reminded him of Silverton Grove. He could not suppress a shudder. The carriage rolled all through London with him. He saw the Parks with autumn's brown and golden tints: he saw the people, some rich, some poor, but none of them prisoners. He saw a little girl all rags. "Oh, if I could be as ragged as you are," he said, "and free."

At last they reached Milverton House: a huge old mansion, fortified into a jail. His handcuffs were whipped off in the yard. He was ushered into a large, gloomy drawing-room. Dr. Wolf soon came to him, and they measured each other by the eye like two prize-fighters. Dr. Wolf's eye fell under Alfred's, and the latter felt he was capable of much foul play. He was one of the old bull-necked breed, and contained the bull-dog and the spaniel in his single nature. "I hope you will be comfortable here, Sir," said he, doggedly.

"I will try, Sir."

"The first-class patients dine in half an hour."

"I will be ready, Sir."

"Full-dress in the evening; there are several ladies." Alfred assented by a bow. Dr. Wolf rang a bell and told a servant to show Mr. Hardie his room.

He had just time to make his toilet when the bell rang for dinner.

As he went down a nurse met him, held up something white to him as she came, lowered it quickly, and dropped it at his feet in passing.

It was a billet-doux.

It was twisted into a pretty shape, scented, and addressed to Mr. Hardie, in a delicate Italian hand and in that pale ink which seems to reflect the charming timidity of the fair who use it.

He wondered, carried it into a recess, then opened it and read it.

It contained but this one line:

"*Drink nothing but water at dinner.*"

These words, in that delicate Italian hand, sent a chill through Alfred. What on earth was all this? Was he to be poisoned? Was his life aimed at now instead of his reason? What was this mysterious drama prepared for him the very moment he set his foot in the place, perhaps before? A poisoner, and a friend! Both strangers. He went down to dinner, and contrived to examine every lady and gentleman at the table. But they were all strangers. Presently a servant filled his glass with beer; he looked and saw it was poured from a small jug holding only his portion. Alfred took his ring off his finger, and holding the glass up dropped his ring in.

"What is that for?" inquired one or two.

"Oh, my ring has a peculiar virtue: it tells me what is good for me. Ah! what do I see? my ruby changes color. Fetch me a clean glass." And he filled it with water from a carafe. "No, Sir, leave the beer. I'll analyze it in my room after dinner; I'm a chemist."

Dr. Wolf changed color, and was ill at ease. Here was a bold and ugly customer. However, he said nothing, and felt sure his morphia could not be detected in beer by any decomposer but the stomach. Still he was thoroughly mystified.

In the evening Alfred came dressed into the drawing-room, and found several gentlemen and ladies there. One of the ladies seemed to attract the lion's share of male homage. Her back was turned to Alfred; but it was a beautiful back, with great magnificent neck and shoulders, and a skin like satin; she was tall, but rounded and symmetrical; had a massive but long and shapely white arm, and perfect hand; and masses of thick black hair sat on her grand white poll like a raven on a marble pillar.

It was not easy to get near her; for the mad gentlemen were fawning on her all round, like Queen Elizabeth's courtiers.

However, Dr. Wolf, seeing Alfred standing alone, said, "Let me introduce you," and took him round to her. The courtiers fell back a little. The lady turned her stately head, and her dark eyes ran lightly all over Alfred in a moment.

He bowed, and blushed like a girl. She courtesied composedly and without a symptom of recognition—deep water runs still—and Dr. Wolf introduced them ceremoniously

"Mr. Hardie—Mrs. Archbold."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Duke of H. had a son, a student at the Bonaparte Lyceum. At the distribution of the prizes, this son returned home without a single one, at which the duke was very angry. "Go, Sir," said he to him, "go to bed—go lock yourself up in your room, and bring me the key."

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

MODEST.

Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way;
But of all her mistakes the absurdest and oddest
Occurred when she called a French *modiste* modest.

An old lady, who had a great aversion to rye in any form, says, "That now they have got to making it into whisky she can take a little now and then."

SCHOOLMISTRESS (*pointing to the first letter of the alphabet*). "Come, now, what letter is that?"

CHILD. "I sha'n't tell you."

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "You won't? But you must! Come, now, what is it?"

CHILD. "I sha'n't tell you: I didn't come here to teach you, but for you to teach me."

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

What pupil is the most to be pitied?—The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.

A passenger, having hired a boat to take him across a rather rough stream, asked the Irish boatman if any body was ever lost there. "Nivvir," replied Pat; "me brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

The editor of a paper says he can generally manage, by hook or by crook, to get up a pretty good paper. Prentice says he does it principally by hook.

Is there an English word that contains all the vowels? —*Unquestionably*. A teetotaller thinks that all "sensible people" would prefer them in their regular order—*Abstemiously*.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailer.

A gentleman, now dead, being very poor, offered his hand and heart to a fair widow who had a large fortune entirely at her disposal. "Make me 'a lady,' and I will marry you," said the richly-endowed widow. He went straightway to a noble lord, then in the government, who owed the gentleman a turn for certain labors undertaken and expense incurred in a contested election in which the noble lord had won a seat in Parliament, and told him the case. "Make me a lord," said the aspirant to fame and fortune. "No," replied the nobleman, "I can not do that." "A baronet, then." "Nor that; I can get you a knighthood." Whereupon the gentleman consulted his fair widow. "Will it make me a lady?" "Yes." "Well, that will do." He returned to his patron and got his knighthood, and ultimately the lady's hand and fortune.

A man passing along the street with a looking-glass under his arm met a little boy, and thought to be witty at his expense. "Here, boy!" said he; "just come and look in this glass, and you'll see a monkey." "Ah! indeed!" said the boy. "How did you discover it?" The answer is not recorded.

If you would have your pig weigh heavy, *lead* him to the scales. Then he will be pig led.

A Western hunter, who has always been victor in his grisly fights, thinks there is nothing like an over-bearing disposition.

OLD JOHN B. was a hypochondriac, and one of his chimeras was that he was a glass vessel. One day, as he was about taking a seat, his wife, who was behind him, suddenly jerked his chair away, and he fell heavily to the floor. "There!" cried she, triumphantly, "that goes to prove what I always said. You're no more made of glass than I am, else you would have been broken into a thousand pieces!"

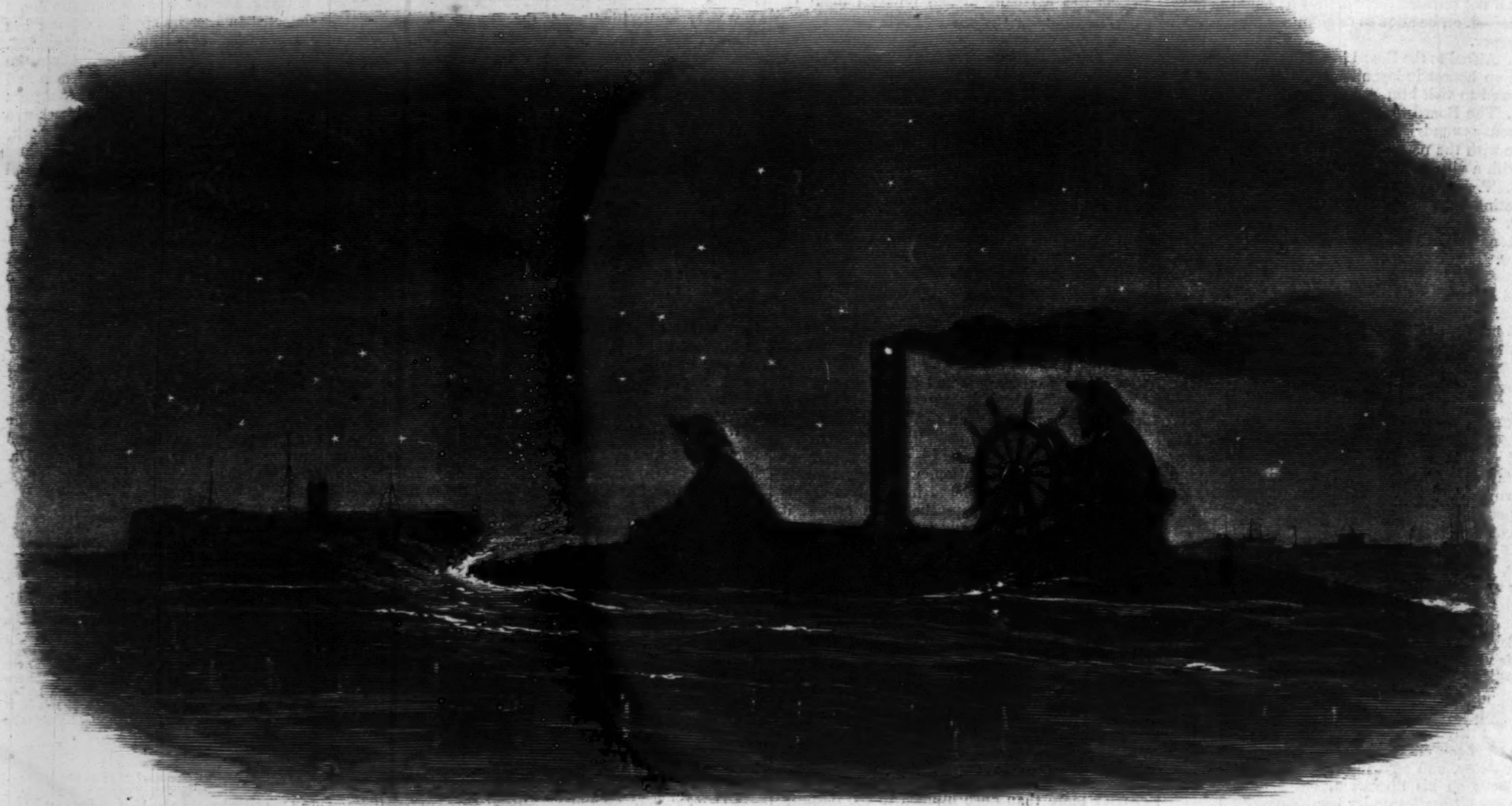
At a public meeting in a country town an eloquent advocate of popular education thus delivered himself: "Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education, I should be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President."

TAKE TWO OF THEM.—A bashful youth was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoices in the possession of an interesting niece about six years old. The other evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him. Taking her on his knee, he asked, in a quivering voice, "Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own? I will give you five hundred guineas for her." "Oh yes!" said the little thing, clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand guineas, *and take two of them?*"

Women can keep a secret, but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

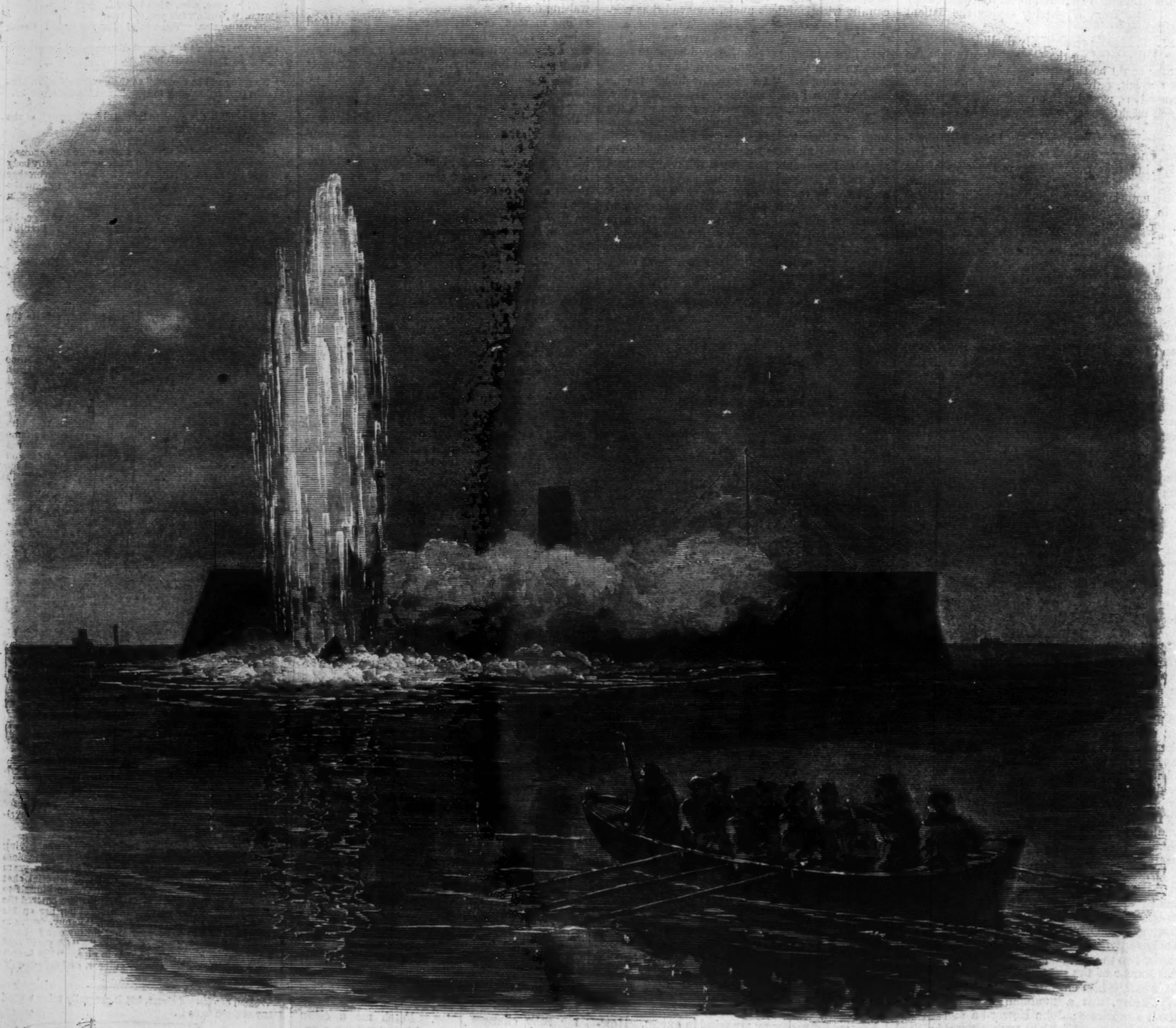
The paper containing many fine points—a paper of pins.

Pitchy darkness has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity."



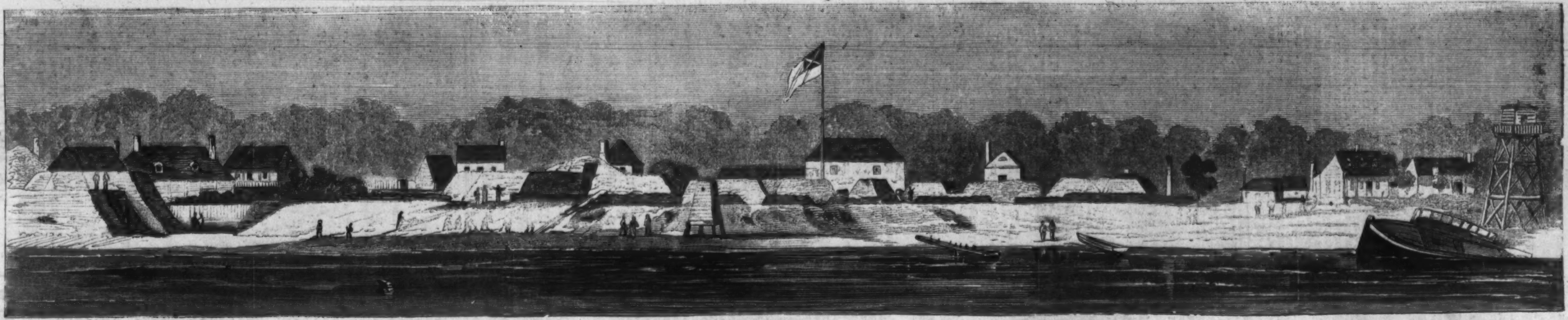
THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE "SEGAR STEAMER" WHICH PROPELLED THE REBEL TORPEDO.—Sketched by an Occasional Contributor.

[See Page 695.]

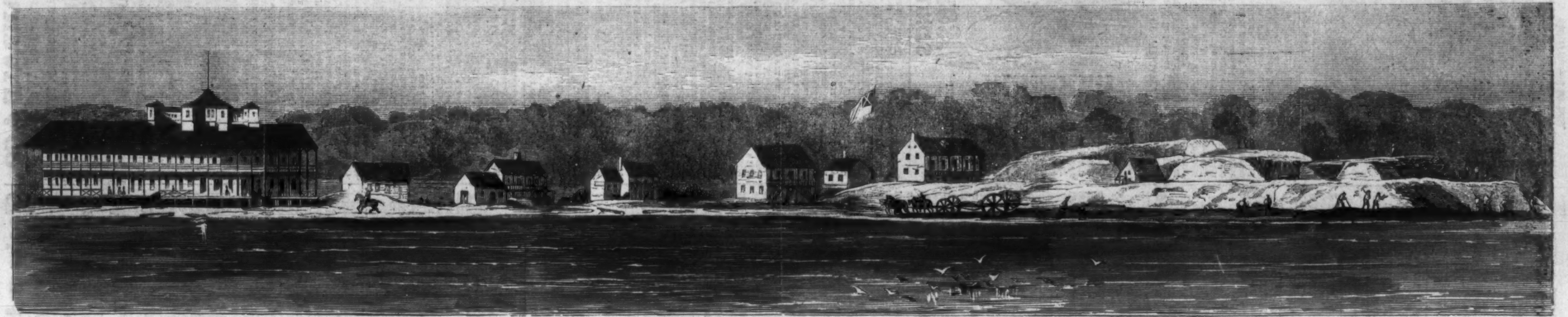


THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE "IRONSIDES" BY A REBEL TORPEDO.—Sketched by an Occasional Contributor.

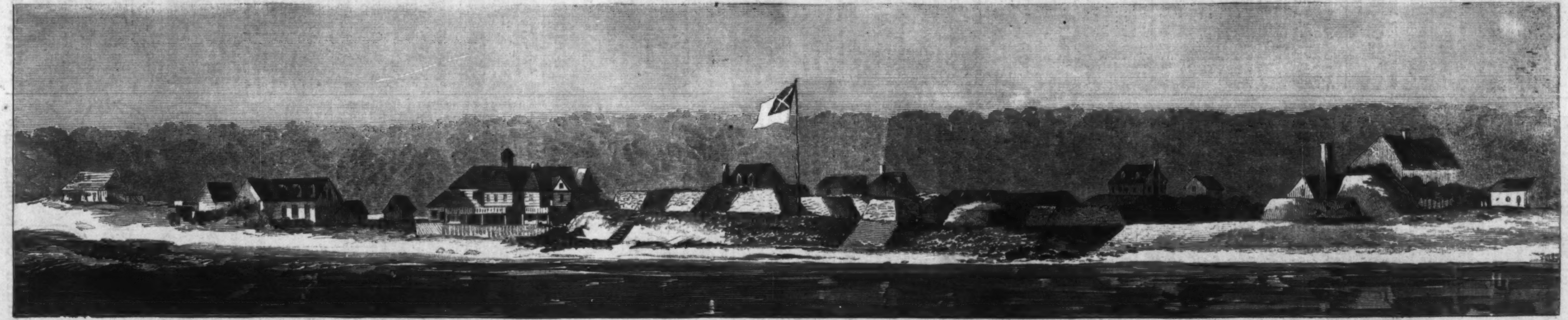
[See Page 695.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF FORT MOULTRIE.—Sketched by Mr. O. Enz.—[See Page 695.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE MOULTRIE HOUSE AND FORT BEAUREGARD, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—Sketched by Mr. O. Enz.—[See Page 695.]



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—BATTERY BEE, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—Sketched by Mr. O. Enz.—[See Page 695.]

THE ONLY SON.

TO MRS. ABRAM ROSSITER, RICHMOND, MASS.

In the still New England autumn
  The work of the year was done;
But afar were fields unsickled
  Under the southern sun—
Fields to be reaped in battle—
  Harvests by victory won.

The young men came from the hill-sides
  A thousand strong and more,
At the call of a sterner duty
  Than their souls had heard before;
And whose under-tone was deeper
  Than the far-off cannon's roar.

From each house a living echo
  Was given unto the call,
One from the nestled cottage,
  One from ancestral hall;
In a home were three fair brothers,
  And the mother gave them all.

They went, and the fields by the river
  With their harvesting grew red;
And they came with the sheaves of triumph
  Ere the leaves again were dead:
"Welcome, my son, mine *only*,"
  Calmly the mother said.

On the lower Mississippi
  The work of the year was done;
The deathly fields were sickled
  Under the burning sun;
And the harvest-home was joyful,
  Though the mother welcomed one.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BURNETT'S

Standard Flavoring Extracts

For Cooking Purposes.

Lemon,	Peach,	Rose,	Cloves,
Celery,	Orange,	Vanilla,	Ginger,
Nutmeg,	Cinnamon,	Nectarine,	Almond.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

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POPULAR HOTELS.

"*Pre-eminently superior* to all others for culinary use."
PARKER HOUSE, Boston.

"*Superior to any* we have ever used."
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"Have used your Extracts for several years, and regard them *the best in the world.*"
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, New York.

"Our test has proved them very excellent."
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York.

"Have been found really superior by *thorough* and *exclusive* use in our Establishment for years."
CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Phila., Pa.

"Possess all the *rare qualities* claimed for them."
EUTAW HOUSE, Baltimore, Md.

"*Far superior* to any in the market."
WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C.

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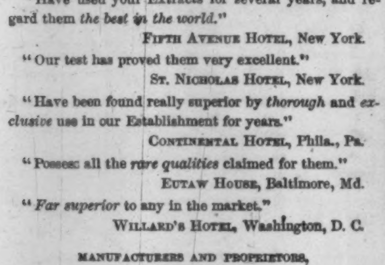
THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $2 50, and $2 75 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter richly plated and engraved. Nothing can excel its comfort, utility, and economy for all smokers, at home or abroad, in the Army or Navy. As a Present to friends nothing could be more acceptable. For *the Soldier*, in camp or on the march, it is invaluable. COL. CHARLES ANDERSON, of Ohio, using one, says: "Every patriot soldier should have one of these Cases as a constant campaign companion." Also

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to *fill the Pouch* (about a week's smoking), or larger packages for the *general trade.* OFFICERS, SMOKERS, and DEALERS are invited to examine these Goods. SUTTLERS' ATTENTION particularly called to them. Circulars sent on order. A liberal discount to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail or express, *paid*, on receipt of *price* and 25 cts. All *orders* will receive prompt attention.

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Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

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Importers of Watches,

212 Broadway, N. Y.

Doubtless the great want of this age of progress is *a really good time keeping watch at a moderate price.* This desideratum has been at length supplied by ARRANDALE & CO., who spare no effort to combine in their watches the latest discoveries of science at the most moderate price, as will be seen from the following

Price List.

Handsome Silver Watch, warranted............ $10 00

New Railway Timekeeper, silver composite hunting cases, *with patent Time Indicator in the centre to save trouble of opening case.* This novelty has been introduced for the convenience of our brave soldiers. Handsome and reliable, often sold for Thirty Dollars $12 50

Ladies' Gold Composite Watch, Engraved Hunting Cases, difficult to distinguish from real gold, very elegant and accurate, often sold for Fifty Dollars $15 00

Soldier's Own, Patent Lever, Sterling Silver Hunting Cases. An excellent timekeeper. Usually sold for Thirty Dollars $16 00

Genuine American Lever, Silver Cases, usually sold for Thirty-five Dollars.................................. $22 00

Army Watch, with Patent Self-Winding arrangement attached to Cap, strong Gold Plated Hunting Cases, an admirable and favorite timepiece, usually sold for Thirty-five Dollars.. $27 50

Ladies' Gold Watch, small size, beautifully finished, ornamented Gold Cases, usually sold for Sixty Dollars $35 00

Astronomical Watch! In massive Gold Plate Hunting Cases, beautifully engraved, Jeweled in 15 actions, Gold balance, and all recent improvements. In addition to the Sunk Seconds, &c., peculiar to first-class Watches, *it has a hand pointing with unfailing accuracy to the day of the month!!* a magnificent article! the greatest invention of the age! just imported by Arrandale & Co..... $45 00

The Navy Watch contains Mariner's Compass! and also Thermometer! The cases are of heavy gold plate. This Watch, having a fine compensating balance, is not affected by change of climate, *but will work equally well in all countries* $45 00

Fine American Lever, Jeweled, *Massive Fine Gold*, Hunting Cases, usually sold for One Hundred Dollars $65

Patent Detached English Lever, Chronometer Balance, Full Jeweled, Massive Cases of Sterling Gold, 16 carat fine, usually sold for One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars.. $75 00

A great variety of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watches, Chains, &c. Send for circular fully describing these and others. All Watches are sent out in good working order, properly regulated, mailed *free* to any address, and warranted for 12 months. A reduction on wholesale orders. Money may be sent at our risk if properly sealed. ARRANDALE & CO., 212 Broadway, Three Doors from Barnum's Museum, corner of Fulton Street, N. Y.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular, unexcelled*, and *valuable* extra large size PRIZE STATIONERY, RECIPES, and YANKEE NOTION PACKAGES, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, YANKEE NOTIONS of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars.* Price each Package ONLY **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** TO **200** PER CENT PROFIT ALLOWED, Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to ALL PARTS of the army South or Southwest. A SPLENDID SOLID SILVER WATCH, ENGLISH MOVEMENTS, and *correct timepiece* presented FREE to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our NEW Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

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AMBROSIA
FROM LIFE

DR. STERLING'S

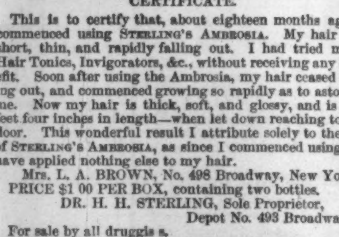
AMBROSIA

is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five feet four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

Mrs. L. A. BROWN, No. 498 Broadway, New York.
PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.
For sale by all druggists.



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Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.
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KEROSENE CRATER

Will warm food for the baby, heat water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make water hot for shaving or toddy, cook a few oysters, boil or fry eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than by any other means known. Used on any lamp without obscuring the light. Price 25 cents; by mail, postage paid, 50 cents. Also a Patent Lighter, for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. Price 10 cents. E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 135 Mercer Street, New York.

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Send for our New Circular.
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For Soldiers

AT REDUCED PRICES.

American Watches for Americans!

THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY give notice that they have lately issued a new style of Watch, expressly designed for Soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to displace the worthless, cheap watches of British and Swiss manufacture with which the country is flooded, and which were never expected to keep time when they were made, being refuse manufactures sent to this country because unsalable at home, and used here only for *jockeying* and *swindling* purposes.

We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

Sold by all respectable watch dealers in the loyal states.

Wholesale orders should be addressed to

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Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen.............................. $10 25
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SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Diamond Pointed Gold Pens Retailing at Wholesale Prices.

Medium	Pen $0 38,	in Silver	ext.	case,	$0 75
Large	" 0 50	"	"	"	1 00
Engrossing	" 0 75	"	"	"	1 50
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Also, Fountain Pens—one filling will write eight to fifteen hours. Genuine Goods. Send stamp for Circular.
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H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Ropes, **CORDAGE**, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

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These articles are purely Voltaic, and by the union of two metals producing a voltaic current, which is excited by the moisture of the feet and body, diffusing a healthy and curative influence over the whole person of the wearer, being an effective cure for Rheumatism, Cold Feet, Gout, &c., and all nervous and chronic diseases.

METTAM & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Insoles, $1 00; Belts, $3 00; Armlets, $1 50; per mail, 30 cents additional. Office 429 Broadway. Send for circular.

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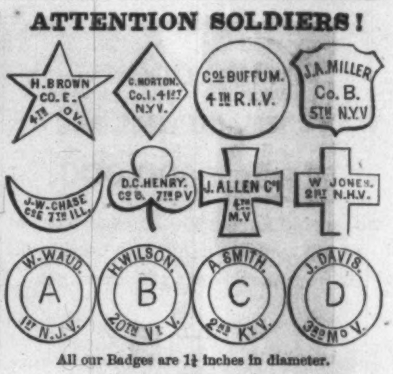
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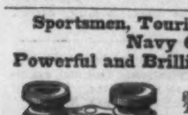

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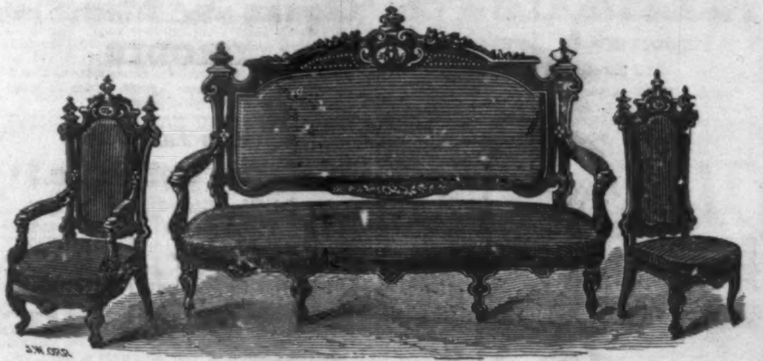

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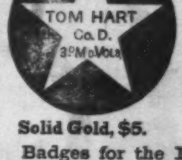

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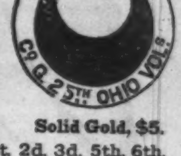
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